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PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST, TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

No. 636.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 25, 1902. ENTERED AT STATIONERS HALL [PRICE ONE PENNY.

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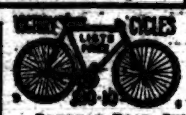

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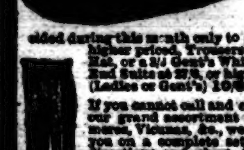

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TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

Read this Page before you read further.

No. 636. TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 25, 1902. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. ONE PENNY.

BLACK FORTUNE

GREATEST ROMANCE OF THE CENTURY.

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FIRST CHAPTER.

The Millionaire's Deathbed.

ANDREW HERON, the millionaire, lay dying.

They had carried him on a couch close to one of the windows of his spacious room in the fine old house which a year or two ago he had purchased to make a home for himself. Outside, the world was full of life.

The glory of the spring sunshine fell upon the distant fruit trees, powdered with blossoms, upon the beds, full of old-fashioned flowers, upon the broad path that led with a succession of small terraces down to the lake gleaming like diamonds in the distance.

The buzz of the insect world sounded like music in the dying man's ears. Ill as he was, and close to the grave, there was still an element of strength about him. One could see by the breadth of his brow, the squareness of his chin, what manner of man he had been, this man who had risen from the humblest ranks to a place which princes might envy.

His doctors would have kept him in bed, but his will was against this. If he could not be out under the open sky, as he had lived and slept for months at a time in the past, then he must be where the breath of Heaven could come freely upon him.

He was alone save for nurses, and there was a strange sadness settled on his rugged face.

It was not fear of death.

Andrew Heron had faced that grim event too often; it was some other thought that held him in grip, and darkened these last hours on earth.

Suddenly a gleam of light seemed to pass into his eyes as there was a sound at the door and, turning his head, he saw a young man enter the room.

The new-comer crossed the room rapidly, and sank on his knees beside Mr. Heron's couch.

"I got the telegram this morning, but oh! sir, why did you not send for me before?" he asked, his voice hoarse with agitation. "They tell me you have been ill for several days, and I have been away from you. It—it was not kind of you to keep me in ignorance."

Heron's hand was laid on the young man's head.

He studied the face before him with all the old keenness and swiftness. He noted how the lips trembled, and how the tears could not be repressed, and drawing nearer, he stooped with an effort, and pressed his lips to John Marchmont's brow.

"Don't scold, lad," he said feebly, "but just let me grip your hand! I feel better like when you are near."

But even as he spoke he sank back on the pillows with a groan, and Marchmont bent over him in a very agony of fear.

The nurses drew him aside, and John motioned him away. Unable to repress his grief, the young man turned and went from the room.

He was only Andrew Heron's secretary, only one who earned a modest wage, for innumerable small and yet important duties; yet a bond of feeling had sprung up between the old man and the young, which had given to John Marchmont all that had been lacking in his life since his father died, and that was very much. He could not believe that Heron was going to die, that so strong, so vigorous, so magnificent a creature as his employer had been, could pass away so quickly.

He went into his working room, and sat down burying his face in his hands, and as he did so a carriage drove up to the entrance of Patrixtreet and another young man alighted from the brougham.

This was Philip Heron, nephew and heir to the dying man.

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He had been sent for by Mr. Heron's express desire, and as he entered the house he had about him very consciously the bearing of one who was already master of all he saw.

He was handsome, in a swarthy kind of fashion, and had something of his uncle's fine build, but none of his uncle's benevolence.

In his eyes there was an almost exultant expression.

Of course he had learnt to know that he would step into Andrew Heron's shoes some day, but he had not dared to hope that this good fortune could have come so soon.

This incident is described on the fourth page of the supplement.

He exchanged a few words with the butler, and tried to wear a look of deep concern; but the servant read through his expression, and the real sorrow that filled his heart as it touched the rest of the household, deepened.

"Things will be very different," he said to himself, "when the master's gone."

"You had better let him know that I am here," said Philip Heron.

He strolled about the hall, looking at the wonderful tapestry and the collection of pictures and bronzes upon which Andrew Heron had spent so much money, and his thoughts were busy with plans for the immediate future.

Nothing could improve this old house (which had passed straight from an established family into the possession of the millionaire), but there were so many ways in which to employ the wealth that was just within his grip, that Philip hardly knew what he should, or should not do.

One thing was pretty sure, he would put an end to his financial difficulties for good and all.

As he paced to and fro full of nervous excitement, John Marchmont passed out of his room into the hall. He was not handsome as Philip Heron was, and in this moment when his eyes were blurred and his head was bowed, he did not look what he really was, a fine specimen of young British manhood, and yet there was about him something which Philip Heron, for all his good looks and his well-cut clothes, did not possess—an air of breeding, a definite tone of refinement.

In John Marchmont's grey-blue eyes and clean-cut features, especially when he would throw his head back proudly, and his cheeks would flush, one could almost see a vision of some knight of old, ready for any chivalrous deed.

Philip Heron gave him a curt nod.

"This is very sad, is it not?" he said.

He was never very courteous to Marchmont.

Vaguely he resented the other man's manner and bearing; equally, too, he had in the beginning resented the place John Marchmont had filled in this household. He had regarded Marchmont much as he had regarded the numerous charities to which his uncle contributed.

If his uncle must have a secretary, why not have let him (Philip) choose a proper person, instead of taking a clerk from a city office? So he had said to himself.

However, when Philip Heron discovered that his uncle did no more than pay his secretary the yearly salary agreed upon, he ceased to be jealous or suspicious of John Marchmont, and now as they stood together, his feeling was tinged with contempt as he looked at the other's tear-stained face.

There was no time for them to exchange any words, however, for one of the nurses came down the stairs immediately, and asked Philip Heron to follow her.

She spoke to John Marchmont also.

"Mr. Heron wishes you to come also, sir," she said.

Silently these two men followed the nurse up the wide staircase, along the soft carpeted corridor, till they stood once more in that large room, which, denuded of its old and luxurious furniture, had been turned by Andrew Heron into a bare-looking apartment, with nothing but simple necessaries in it.

"I am choked-like," he had been wont to say, "with your frills and your curtains. If it was not for shocking my neighbours, I'd have my bed out under the trees yonder!"

Something in his look, something strange and commanding, brought both Philip Heron and John Marchmont to a sudden standstill.

Andrew Heron took no notice of them at first. He beckoned to a nurse, and obeying his signal rather than his voice, she propped him up and gave him something to drink, then acting on another movement he made, she withdrew.

There was a curious silence in that large room.

Suddenly the dying man stretched out his hand and pointed it at his nephew.

"Come here," he said, and feeble as his voice was there was passion in it. "Kneel down," he commanded, as strangely at ease Philip Heron approached his couch.

How insects protect themselves by disguises is described in "Living Leaves and Walking Sticks" in the October ROYAL.

Philip Heron obeyed and his sallow face flushed hotly.

The old man looked at him.

"You are my brother's son," he said. "My brother went to his grave hating me because I succeeded where he failed. When I heard of his death I swore I'd give back to him if I could all he had wanted. For your sake I left the life I loved—and came to England—I've treated you like a son, Philip—I took you out of a humble sphere, I made you as near a gentleman as you could be made. You've swaggered it with the best of them, and what have you done in return? You think maybe, I've not known the sort of life you've been leading? You're wrong—I know it through and through. Not one single good act have your hands performed! Waste—and dissipation—folly—that has been the story of each day. And yet—all—all—might be forgiven—all—but not this——!"

Thrusting his hand into the breast of the loose garment he wore, he pulled out a strip of paper, and with a swift action he struck it across Philip Heron's face. With an oath the young man rose quickly to his feet.

Andrew Heron was quivering with passion, his voice was very hoarse—almost inaudible.

"My brother's son might be idle and heartless, as you have proved yourself to be, but your father—though he went to his grave a—disappointed man, was at least an—honest—one!"

Then a great cry broke from the old man's lips.

"Lad!—lad!" he said brokenly, "couldn't you have waited? If you hadn't done this thing, there were only a few weeks between you and all I have!—But you must needs sink to forgery! You—my own flesh and blood—must brand yourself as a—a thief—Oh! shame on ye!—shame on ye—! shame——!"

Away in the background, John Marchmont stood, his hands clenched by his side, his face full of misery.

The passion and anguish in Andrew Heron's changed voice had kept him rooted to the spot; now he turned to hasten away from such a painful scene. But the weakened voice of the old man called after him, and arrested him.

"John Marchmont, come here! Stand by that man's side and listen to me. There's not a drop of my blood in your veins, and yet you have become dearer to me than my own son could have been. I've had you under my very eye for two years. I've watched you, spied upon you mayhap it may have seemed; vast sums of money have passed through your hands, and though you have need of money, you've never so much as tried to enrich yourself by a single farthing. I'm—going—where—money makes no count," the words came with a terrible effort now, "but I've not got together all that belongs to me—without—suffering, and struggling, and I want—this money used for others who—suffer—and—struggle as I did." The eyes closed but only for an instant—the next they were flashing with almost their old fire. "Philip Heron, my brother's son, thief and forger, I cut you away from me——!" said the millionaire clearly; "John Marchmont, son of my old friend, honest toiler and honest man, you—are my heir. To you," continued Andrew Heron, his voice sinking to a whisper, and heeding not John Marchmont's cry of protestation, "I leave my wealth, and with it the sacred charge that it shall be used to help those who need help—to give—succour to the sick—feed to—the poor—a—touch of—the—promise—of Heaven to those—who—labour—in darkness—I—pray——"

His head fell forward, and his hands moved outward with a jerk as though he were trying to grip some support.

Philip Heron uttered a savage exclamation, his hands were clenched, his face livid—an oath escaped his lips, but as he would have approached the shrunken, silent figure threateningly, the other man stood in his path.

"This will be settled between us—later," said John Marchmont, "keep your rage for me——"

Philip glared into John Marchmont's face, and his hand was uplifted to strike, but Marchmont slipped past him, and when he would have rushed forward again, the nurse came from the other room, followed by the medical man, who for the last day or two had been residing in the house, and who, appreciating the situation at a glance, took Philip sharply by the shoulder, and actually pushed him out of the room, and into the adjoining apartment.

When he turned to minister to his patient, the doctor found the old man lying in John Marchmont's arms, and as he bent over that huddled figure it needed but a glance to tell him that this interview, which Mr. Heron had desired so eagerly, and which he, the doctor, had so strenuously endeavoured to prevent, had indeed done all he feared, and that the end had come already!

SECOND CHAPTER.

A Compact is Made.

The train in which Philip Heron had travelled from London had begun to steam slowly out of the little wayside station, when a woman opened the door of a carriage, and slipped swiftly on to the platform.

She was dressed in an ordinary tweed coat and skirt, but her face was thickly veiled. Despite this fact, one felt indubitably that the face behind that veil was one possessing unusual attraction, if not positive beauty. Certainly the great knob of red brown hair that showed beneath the close hat had a wonderful glory of its own, and the figure in the plainly cut coat was both supple, strong and graceful.

The young woman sauntered in a leisurely way down the platform. She had the air of one who wished to avoid detection, and she seemed interested in watching Philip Heron's hurried exit in the direction of the road, where her quick eye had discerned a handsome carriage waiting. As soon as she saw this carriage disappear quickly in the distance with Philip Heron inside she moved forward more briskly.

"Any luggage, miss?" asked the porter as he took her ticket.

She shook her head, and in her turn asked a question.

"How far is it to the village?"

"Which village do you want, miss?" asked the lad. "There's Creston, and Patrixhurst, and there's Lyster."

The young woman smiled.

"Which comes first?" she asked.

The porter scratched his head.

"They are all three of 'em together," he said, "they joins. But maybe it's Patrixhurst you want, miss, that's where the post office is, and the old church."

"Oh, of course, the old church, that is what I want to see," was the quick reply.

The porter told her of the short cut across the fields, and she took it in preference to the road.

She seemed to be pleased and even amused as she walked along, for she laughed softly to herself. When she was away from the station, out in the fields, which were rich already with their burden of wheat, and oats, and foot-high clover, she unfastened that thick veil, and lifted her face to the sun, and to the sweet air of the Spring.

It was a rarely beautiful face that she showed to Nature. Small and oval in shape, with a most delicate colouring, and a pair of grey-blue eyes that looked out on the world with all the unquestioning assurance of a child.

She looked very young too, almost too young to be travelling alone.

"I suppose all this belongs to the property," she said to herself as she looked for a moment over the sunny land. "What a fairy story it sounds, and how close to my grasp!—And yet"—her face changed swiftly, and one saw that her youth was the youth of a woman, not of a girl, "and yet it is not in my grasp! It may even never come to me!"

A wave of colour spread over her face, she tightened her lips, and walked on briskly.

The village was soon reached, she avoided the first collection of small cottages (which the porter had told her was Creston), and made straight for the pile of old masonry covered with ivy that stood on a little eminence in the distance.

As she passed out of the fields into the roadway a sweet scent greeted her, and looking to her right she saw beyond a hedge a plantation of lilies-of-the-valley, bordered by many an old-fashioned bloom, wall-flowers in profusion, and pansies, and above them apple and pear trees, rich in pink and white blossom. She had the eye of an artist, and she paused to look at this old-fashioned garden.

A little way beyond stood a cottage, it was little more, and yet even from a cursory glance, she realised it was not the home of a working person. She drew nearer to the hedge and looked over it.

A girl in a black and white cotton gown was bending cutting a number of lilies-of-the-valley. She had a rough straw hat on her head, and a pair of loose gardening gloves on her hands. From her waist hung several pairs of scissors. It was evident that she was not cutting flowers in idle fashion, for several square, flat baskets were placed on a path near, already full of fragrant white lilies sheathed in their fresh, green leaves.

As the stranger paused in the roadway the girl at work looked upwards suddenly.

A strange sensation had passed over her, of what nature she could not define. If she had been asked to analyse it she might have described it by saying that it seemed as if a dark, cold cloud had passed for an instant between herself and the sunshine.

The feeling quickly vanished, however, and as she looked at that beautiful face peering above the hedge, she paused an instant, then advanced gracefully and graciously.

"Would you like a few lilies?" she said, and she held out a large bunch as she spoke.

The woman behind the hedge smiled.

"How kind of you!" she exclaimed, "my favourite flower, but oh, how different from those that we buy in shops. Thank you—thank you——"

She reached over and took the bunch of lilies, and casually scanned the girl who stood in the garden.

As has just been said, she had the eye of an artist, and she saw at a glance the charm the girl possessed. It was not like her own, that perfection of feature, that convincing beauty, which was felt by all who looked upon it; it was rather an eloquence of expression, together with a pair of earnest, dark eyes, and a warm, sun-tinted skin that made Katherine Lyste so pleasant to look upon.

The other woman noted too with what ease and grace the girl moved in her faded cotton gown, and how beautifully her limbs were shaped. Contrary to the general theory Anne Cariston could not only see beauty in any other woman, but could and did honestly and openly admire it when it came in her way.

"Please don't thank me," said Miss Lyste. "Is it not a glorious day?"

Anne Cariston nodded her head, and then she sniffed her lilies.

"I have come to explore the old parts about here, and the beauty of the country tempts me to stay a day or two. Is there any place where I could stay?"

"Oh, yes," answered the other, "there is the inn. I have never stayed there myself, but I am told they make one very comfortable. A visit to the church," added Miss Lyste, as she turned to go back to her work, "will well repay you; and then there is the old castle, just outside Patrixhurst, you ought to see that also, but I hope you will have fine weather. We have had a great deal of rain this Spring, but now it really seems as if the sunshine had come to stay."

With a mutual smile, and bend of the head, the two women parted, little realising that it was written in the book of destiny that the threads of their lives should be closely mingled in a story that would be cruel and exciting, dark and mysterious.

"This is quite idyllic," said Anne Cariston to herself, with a faint smile breaking the curve of her lips as she walked onwards, "a new side for me. Early hours, country lanes, and freshly-gathered flowers! How amused Philip would be if he could see me now!"

But this thought was followed swiftly by another.

"Or might he not be angered instead of amused?" She bit her lip. "Such a man ought not to be difficult to understand, especially for me, but he does puzzle me a little, and sometimes he makes me—doubt——"

The hand that held the lilies fell to her side with a gesture of rage, then once more she laughed.

"But why should I anticipate disaster. Am I not strong enough to fight and conquer the will of any man?"

By this time she was well into the village of Patrixhurst, and she saw before her a quaint-looking, old-fashioned house, with a sign-post swinging over the porch.

She entered this porch and rang the bell.

A neat-looking maid answered her summons, and she quickly arranged to have a room. She was also given a rough menu and ordered her lunch.

"Now I will go and explore the church," she said to herself, and she dipped a sprig or two of the lilies into the lapel of her coat.

She was really quite interested in her own proceedings.

"Already I feel better for the change of air," she said.

Before going on her sightseeing, she stepped into what the maid had told her was the smoking room. As she entered, a man, an oldish man who was seated in a comfortable chair with a newspaper in his hand, turned and looked at her, and gave her a nod and a smile. Miss Cariston in her turn retreated a step. Her face was crimsoned with anger.

"So," she said, "you are here to spy after me!"

The man put down the newspaper, got up, and stood in front of the empty fireplace.

"Don't use such ugly words, my dear," he said blandly. "I am here at Philip Heron's request to transact some pressing business with him. Why not have told me of your intention to come here? I should have looked after you on your journey. I hope you had a better train than I caught. The service is a confoundedly bad one."

Anne Cariston looked at her father and remained silent.

Dr. Cariston was undeniably a handsome man, though he was no longer young. But there was at times something in the expression of his face that made his daughter absolutely hate him. Indeed Anne Cariston had cause to hate her father.

She had been a mere school-girl when her mother had died, but even at that early age Cariston had set a definite value on his child's great personal attractions.

Long before she had become a woman Anne had been given an intimate knowledge of the peculiar ways and means which her father had chosen for his pathway through life. A man of brilliant attainments; a man who could have risen to the very top of the tree had he chosen to work in that direction. Cariston had willingly sunk; and had flung from him all that went for honour and reputation in the world. From the commencement of their life together Anne had been brought in contact with all that was shady and disreputable; with the worst kind of adventurers, and when the bitter truth came home to her that her father and herself were shunned by decent people, every germ of goodness, and tenderness, and womanliness died out of her heart. As she remained silent now Dr. Cariston pursued his remarks.

"From what I can gather in this primitive place I fancy our friend Philip is in for a good thing at last, for it seems that the old man cannot live more than a day or two. Well! magnificent prospects are all very well in their way, but it will be a novel experience for Philip Heron to find himself with enough money in his pockets. By gad, I should think he would hardly know what to do with himself, eh?"

Anne Cariston walked to the window and stood knocking her gloves against her hands. She turned at last and spoke.

"And you are here I suppose to have a first share in Philip Heron's millions?" There was a choked sound in her voice. "I might have known that you would stand in my path. Is it not enough that you should have dragged me down, down—down—even to the very gutter itself? Could you not have left me one clear road free of you?"

Dr. Cariston was silent a moment.

"I really don't understand you, Anne," he said gravely when he spoke. "As I have just told you, it is imperative that a certain business transaction should be discussed between Philip Heron and myself. He was called away in such a hurry that he had no time to arrange this transaction in town, and as the matter must be dealt with, within the next twenty-four hours, he sent me a telegram this morning appointing a meeting here. If you still doubt me, here is his telegram—read it."

But Anne refused to see the paper in the outstretched hand. She turned to the window and stood staring out of it for a little while. Then she laughed recklessly.

"Well, I too have business with Philip," she said. "You know, of course, that he has been following me about like a dog these last six months; it is understood between us that I am to be his wife."

"I congratulate you, my dear," said Dr. Cariston heartily. "I don't know that Philip is the sort of man that I should have chosen as a husband for you had I been consulted, for Philip is a bit of a sneak, not above doing underhand things, and not too well bred. But," here he shrugged his shoulders, "with such a fortune at his back his moral status goes for nothing; he is, of course, a king; once more my congratulations."

"Keep your congratulations," said Anne thickly. "The mere fact that you are here will in all probability ruin everything for me."

She turned to go from the room, but her father with one stride stood between her and the door.

"Don't you think it is time we came to an understanding, Anne?" he said. "You have been jibbing a confounded lot lately, and have contracted an unpleasant habit of flinging nasty remarks at me. I have given you a good time, my girl, far better than you would ever have had if your puritanical mother had lived. You have had fine clothes, and jewels, and fine living. The world has seen your beauty, and given you your due homage, and you have cost me a pretty penny from first to last."

"These are the things that you have done for me," said Anne, and her voice had both a tremble and a sneer in it, "but

(*Continued on the first page of supplement.*)

Of course you are entering for the "Five Shillings a Day for Life" competition. Another set of pictures appears in the October ROYAL.

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to be found under the sea.
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'Andreas in mid-ocean some
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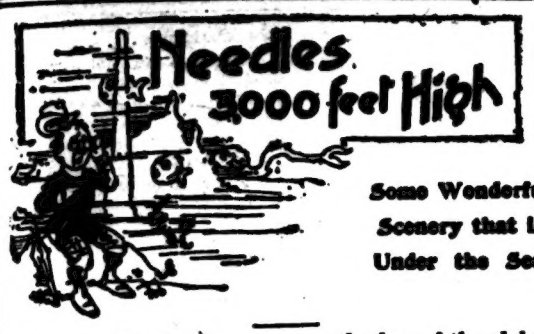


Some Wonderful Scenery that is Under the Sea.

MUCH of the finest scenery on the face of the globe is to be found under the sea.

Take, for instance, the remarkable monolith, more than 5,000ft. in height, recently discovered by the *Andreas* in mid-ocean some 500 miles off the coast of Chili. The base of this stupendous under-sea needle is barely eighty yards in circumference; yet it rears itself, solitary and alone, to the height of nearly a mile, its culminating point, a flat, circular surface no bigger than a cart-wheel, reaching to within less than a hundred fathoms of the surface.

No such natural phenomenon, on any such stupendous scale, could possibly stand alone on dry land freed from its supporting and protecting envelope of perfectly still water. But, even supposing, for the sake of argument, that it were possible to lift it bodily from the depths of the ocean, and set it up gingerly in the middle of Hyde Park, storm, heat, and frost would cause it to crumble to pieces in, geologically speaking, "no time at all." Something of a similar kind we have, it is true, in the far-famed "Steeple Rock" of the "Garden of the Gods" in America, but this is barely as many hundred feet high as

the other is thousands.

Men speak admiringly of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River, carved thousands of feet deep within the earth's crust by the ceaseless fretting of the tortured stream during countless ages.

And with reason! Nothing like it exists elsewhere on any of the land masses of our planet; nor was it supposed until comparatively recently that its terrific precipices, its towering crags, or its profound abysses, could, by any possibility, have their counterpart anywhere in the uncharted bed of the ocean.

Then, one day, a Government surveying vessel engaged in making soundings off the coast of Japan, stumbled across an apparently fathomless submarine abyss. More than 18,000ft. of line were run off the reel without finding the bottom, and the captain, baffled and beaten, had to put back to Yokohama for additional tackle.

Subsequent investigations showed that the discovery was even more remarkable than had been at first thought. The ocean-filled gorge, or cañon, proved to extend from opposite Tokio to almost within hailing distance of Cape Lopatka, or, roughly, 1,000 miles; and its average depth, reckoning as from the immediately adjoining ocean floor to westward, was found to be

slightly over 15,000ft.

Into this tremendous trench, the famous Colorado Cañon, which is some 200 miles long, with an average depth of about 3,000ft., could, of course, be packed many times over. Moreover, it was noted as a remarkable fact, that whereas, for many miles at a stretch, both the walls inclosing the Grand Cañon are more or less sloping in character, the western side of the Pacific gorge, at all events, drops almost perpendicularly from the sea-floor upholding the Kurile Islands. It is as though these isolated land masses had been thrown up at some remote epoch by amphibious Titans working from the eastward, the thousand-mile-long ditch representing, of course, the area of excavation.

Curiously enough, similar abnormal "deeps" in the bed of the sea, but of a circular character, are not infrequently found closely adjacent to correspondingly abnormal elevations. A typical instance is afforded by the Tokelau group of islands, from the north-western extremity of which one might almost step into a crater-like pit, measuring in depth between four and five thousand fathoms, and having an area almost exactly equal to

the islands in question.

Multiply by millions of billions a child's sand-hole dug on Margate beach, and the sand-heap excavated therefrom, and you have Tokelau and the Tokelau depression. Imagine, if you can, a man standing in the middle of the latter, with the Pacific drained of its waters; he would find himself in a pit, the almost perpendicular walls of which would be over three miles high, reckoning from the floor of the ocean; while above him would tower the Tokelau archipelago—now transformed from islands into mountains—to an additional height of more than two miles. From lip to lip the crater would measure 200 miles across.

Nearly £80,000,000 have been spent in the attempt to cut a fifty-mile-long ditch through the Isthmus of Panama. The Congo River, working beneath the surface of the Atlantic, has dug out for itself from the bed of the ocean a ditch which is considerably more than 100 miles in length, by, in parts, between five and six thousand feet deep.

It is doubtful if the labour of the whole of the present population of the world, continued throughout a generation under the most favourable conditions, and, of course, on dry land, would suffice to execute so stupendous a work. Yet the Congo, curiously enough, makes little practical use of the cañon it has created; for investigations, carried out by Commander Purvey-Cust in 1899, show that it is occupied, not by the fresh water brought down by the river, but by the ocean salt water.

Above the latter the yellow, pea-soupy Congo flood creeps out to the open sea as upon an inclined aqueous viaduct, with decreasing velocity, and increasing depth; so that, assuming, for the sake of argument, a sheet of glass could be substituted for the roof of the stagnant super-incumbent sea-water, and the latter then drawn off, a man standing on the floor of the crevasse would view the river crawling sluggishly along a mile above his head.

One of the most strikingly picturesque bits of submarine scenery lies in comparatively close proximity to our own shores. For a distance of about 230 miles to the westward of Ireland the ocean bed slopes so gradually that the average increase in the depth of the water is only about six feet per mile; but in the next few miles it drops suddenly, in a series of tremendous steps or terraces, more than 9,000ft. to the great level, sub-aqueous plain which forms the true floor of the Atlantic, and which stretches with scarcely a single break for 1,200 miles to the banks of Newfoundland.

"It would be difficult," remarks Mr. Hamer Smith, "to conceive of anything more stupendously grand than this series of terrace steps, extending for hundreds of miles north and south, each step measuring in vertical height from 800 to 1,200ft., and in breadth varying between four miles and

a few hundred yards.

Elsewhere, mountains, that, if uncovered, would vie in height and majesty with Everest or Aconcagua, but whose summits now show above the surface as islands, soar upwards from enormous depths. Such are Tristan da Cunha in the South Atlantic, which rears itself on a comparatively small base to a height of more than 26,000ft. above the true level of the adjacent ocean bed; as well as Christmas Island in the Pacific; Teneriffe; St. Helena, and many other similar solitary islands of lesser note.

The uncovered projecting tops of these are, of course, visible to mortal eyes, and by studying their contours and general appearance some idea can be formed of the massiveness and magnificence of the portions which are submerged. But, on the other hand, there are many other submarine peaks of equal or even greater height, which, because they rise from depths even more profound, do not show at all above the surface.

Many of these latter duplicate almost exactly some of the land mountains with whose appearance we are all of us more or less familiar. The Matterhorn, for instance, has its counterpart in a volcanic mass which rises sheer out of the bed of the ocean to the northward of Hawaii, and the culminating point of which is barely 500ft. below the level of the sea; while the twin brother of Chimborazo stands submerged, a solitary and unseen giant, within the icy depths of the South Atlantic, not very far from Kerguelen Land.

RECTOR: "Remember, my young friend, there are things in life better than money."

Young Friend: "Yes, I know that, but it takes money to buy them."

ASPIRING POET: "I'll set the Thames on fire yet."

His Wife: "I do hope you will, dear. Would you mind making a fire in the kitchen-grate—just as matter of practice, you know?"

TODY: "Jennie tells me young Woodby proposed to her last night."

Viola: "I don't think I know him. Is he well off?"

Tody: "He certainly is. She refused him."

A SOMEWHAT formal visitor asked a little girl:

"How are you, my dear?"

"Very well, thank you," said the little girl.

"Now," continued the visitor, "you should ask me how I am."

"But I don't want to know," was the unexpected reply.

Every . . .
M'LEOD.
Every . . .
MENZIES.
Every . . .
M'PHERSON.
IN FACT, EVERY SCOTSMAN
Should keep an eye on . . .
SHORT STORIES TARTAN COVERS
Already the above three tartans have appeared, and copies may be obtained through any newsagent.

SALMON AT £12 EACH.

What Sportsmen who Go to Scotland Spend.

THE sporting season in Scotland, which is, roughly speaking, August, September, and October, is attracting more and more sportsmen every year. In consequence of this increase the demand for Scotch sporting centres becomes keener and keener.

Unless a grouse moor is booked very soon after the close of one season it is nearly impossible to get it at all. Formerly, a sportsman desirous of securing a good moor was in time enough if he attended to the negociations in April or May, but now the best moors are bespoken long in advance, and even the moderate moors are eagerly booked for the ensuing season in November, December, or January.

Sportsmen who have been in the habit of going to Scotland for many years naturally grumble very much at the rents being doubled and trebled, but their growls are only met by the owners of the moors by the retort that a thing is worth just what you can get for it.

The shooting lodges of Scotland vary a good deal in character. Some of the so-called lodges are not much bigger than cottages, while others can only be described as palatial. The rents vary according to the sort of lodge, the locality in which it is situated, and, above all, the quantity and the quality of the sport to be obtained.

For the season—three months, generally speaking—the rent may be anything between £10,000 and £200. The cheaper places are usually in a low-lying part of the country, where grouse are scarce and only small bags are to be secured. The high-rented places boast of all kinds of game in great profusion; deer-stalking, salmon-fishing, beautiful scenery, a large and up-to-date lodge or mansion fitted up with electric light and every modern convenience.

At one time grouse was reckoned to be worth a sovereign a brace, so that a moor with a decent lodge which had the reputation of yielding a thousand brace of grouse would be rented at £1,000 for the season. In these expensive days, however, a moor of this class would fetch in the market anything from £1,500 to £2,000—possibly, it might fetch £2,500. When salmon-fishing is to be had as well as grouse, the rent is always considerably higher, in fact, any fancy price is asked and obtained in these days of big incomes.

The wages of men who are employed by the sportsmen as beaters vary a good deal according to the locality. In some parts it is possible to get beaters for 3s. 6d. a day with dinner. In other places which are out of the way, and where beaters are consequently scarce, so much as 5s. a day, with dinner and whisky, is paid.

Most sportsmen who visit Scotland regularly possess dogs of their own, but many devotees of the gun are content to hire their four-footed assistants. In various parts of Scotland there are dog owners who make quite a respectable income by laying themselves out to supply dogs to sportsmen for the season at a charge of £12 to £18 a brace. As every good sportsman knows, much of the enjoyment obtainable on a grouse moor depends upon the quality of the dogs. Many men declare that half the pleasure of the day's sport is derived from watching the excellence of the dogs' work.

The best moors in Scotland will yield 3,000 brace of grouse in a season. Such places are not often in the market. A moor that yields six or eight hundred brace is thought to be a very decent one; the extent of such a moor would be between five and ten thousand acres.

Deer forests are even more costly than grouse moors. Roughly, they range from £1,200 to £7,000 for the season. When salmon-fishing and grouse-shooting, in addition to deer-stalking are available, the rent reaches a figure that the majority of our readers would regard as a very handsome fortune. The quality of the stags that are to be had is a great point in calculating the size of the rent.

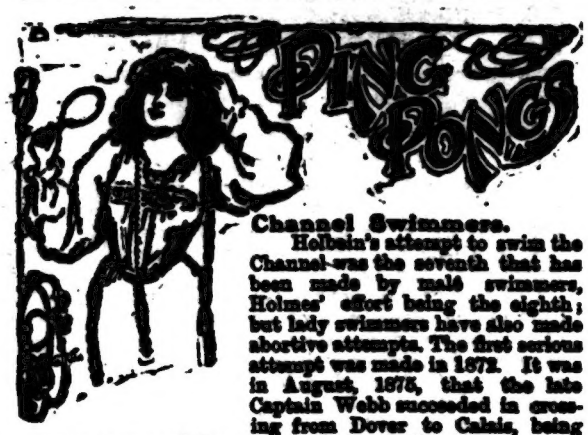
There are about 150 deer forests in Scotland, which differ in size from 5,000 to 70,000 or 80,000 acres. Stags are to be shot in some forests during the month of August, but the month of September, and the first two weeks of October, are the best days of the season.

The character of the soil and pasturage has a good deal to do with the quality of the heads and weights of the deer. During exceptionally severe winters the stags become very tame, and the keepers feed them in order to save them from starvation.

Spring is the favourite salmon-fishing time in Scotland. Autumn sees the advent of some river sportsmen, but the fishing at that time of year is never so good as in the Spring. Some of the best fishings in Scotland are let to clubs of sportsmen, who pay between themselves sometimes so much as £3,000 per season. The sport in such places, as a rule, is excellent, and a fisherman may land twenty or thirty salmon in one day.

Well-known fishing rivers are the Dee, the Tweed, the Tay and the Thurso. Speaking roughly, salmon may be said to be worth anything from 30s. to £12 per fish. Though, when a sportsman pays £500 as rent, and catches not more than a dozen fish, the cost per head is considerably higher than the figures quoted! Such instances are by no means rare, since bad weather and other adverse circumstances cannot be controlled.

"Match Pagodas"—an after dinner game with matches—*see* the October ROYAL.



Channel Swimmers.

Holbein's attempt to swim the Channel was the seventh that has been made by male swimmers, Holmes' effort being the eighth; but lady swimmers have also made abortive attempts. The first serious attempt was made in 1872. It was in August, 1875, that the late Captain Webb succeeded in crossing from Dover to Calais, being twenty-three and three-quarter hours in the water.

More "Substitutes" for Coal.

In view of the present level of the retail prices of coal, it has been suggested that bath-brick soaked in oil daily, cinders treated similarly, bones, cocoanut shell, and dried orange peel should be used as substitutes. It is also said that old newspapers fastened with wire into small, compressed bundles burn as slowly as coal.

How Goshawks are Trained.

A French traveller states that the goshawk is still used in Persia in hunting the gazelle, and that it is trained to feed on that creature's beautiful eyes by placing its food in the emptied eyeballs of a stuffed gazelle, so that when used in the hunt the goshawk stops its victim by attacking its eyes—a horribly cruel form of sport.

With Lord Salisbury's Scissors—6d.

Some years ago Lord Salisbury went into a small barber's shop at Portsmouth to have his hair cut. The tonsorial artist had evidently recognised his distinguished customer, for when his lordship passed the shop the next day he was not a little surprised and amused to find a placard in the window bearing the following notice: "Hair cut, 3d. With the same scissors as I cut Lord Salisbury's hair, 6d.".

Hoaxing the Deities.

There have been so many deaths from cholera at Chenanfu that it was decided the other night to try the effect of pretending to begin a new year with the next day, the first of the sixth moon. Accordingly, there was considerable firing off of fire crackers during the night, the idea being to fool the deities who are supposed to control the pestilence into believing that, being New Year time, it was too cold to have cholera.

The Calf was Sorry.

The teacher of a class in a certain school had been carefully explaining the parable of the prodigal son, and was now testing their knowledge of it. All went well until she came towards the close, when she asked: "Now, tell me who was not pleased to see the prodigal son when he came home again." To her consternation she received the following reply from a youthful scholar: "Please, ma'am, the fatted calf."

Co-operative Registry Offices.

A society has been formed in Worcester for the purpose of opening co-operative registry offices. The profits are to be expended in granting to servants various privileges, such as prizes for long service, sick pay, assistance when out of employment, and small pensions in their old age. If, as is to be hoped, the scheme is successful in making by these means domestic service more attractive, it will go a very long way towards solving one of the most pressing social questions of the day.

A Gruesome Present.

Two drops of blood from the body of Abraham Lincoln were given to the Kansas State Historical Society a few days ago by T. D. Bancroft, of Kansas City, U.S.A. Mr. Bancroft was in Ford's Theatre on the night of the assassination, and saw the President shot. Blood from the President spattered some theatre programmes, and Mr. Bancroft secured one of them. The bloodstains are brown and faded, like old ink, but are perfectly plain, and one may see on the paper little sprays of blood that broke from the large drops and stained the paper.

Breaking in the Railway Company.

An incident strangely illustrating the backward condition of many parts of Italy is reported in connection with the opening of a new line of railway between Balserano and Avezzano. The first train was being run, when, on nearing a particular spot, the engine-driver suddenly reversed the engine, horrified to find a number of persons prostrate on the line. They proved to be the Syndic Curé, and several councillors of a small neighbouring town, who had adopted this method of enforcing a stop at a point where they had unsuccessfully endeavoured to obtain a station.

Initials on Their Loaves.

The city of Montreal has just passed a law to improve its bread supply. All Montreal loaves hereafter must be stamped with a number indicating their weight and with the initials of the baker. An £8 fine and two months' imprisonment are the alternative penalties provided for each violation, and all bread not fulfilling requirements is to be seized. Besides this, it is provided also under heavy penalties that all rooms for the manufacture of food products shall be at least eight feet high and floored with cement, tiles, or wood properly saturated with linseed oil. The walls and ceilings must be white-washed at least once in six months, and no animals, except cats, shall be allowed in any rooms used for the manufacture or storage of bread or pastry.

Marriage Not Allowed!

A Chicago bank has forbidden any of its clerks to marry on less than £200 a year. The majority of the staff have struck for higher wages.

A Queer Freak.

A grain of corn stuck in the nostrils of a farm boy at Trenton, New Jersey. It had sprouted and was beginning to grow when the doctors removed it.

Lodgings Must be Clean.

Under the Southwark Borough Council's new bye-laws for houses let in lodgings, lodgers can be compelled to keep their windows and apartments clean.

Drowning a Motor Car.

One of the last wishes expressed by a lady who died recently near San Francisco was that her favourite motor car should be taken out to sea and sunk in deep water.

Not a Soldier.

At the Southwark Police Court recently a witness appeared in khaki uniform. "You are a soldier?" asked the counsel. "No," answered witness; "I'm in the Yeomanry." Whereat the Court smiled genially.

Australian Longwindedness.

The Commonwealth Parliament bids fair to establish a record for endurance and loquacity. It was opened by the Prince of Wales early in May, 1901; it has been sitting ever since; and it is doubtful if next Christmas will see the end of its first session.

"Tall" Stories Prohibited.

A Wisconsin barrister is about to introduce a Bill into the State Legislature to prevent the telling of "tall" fish stories. It provides that every fisherman must, under penalty of a fine, register the weight of every fish taken exceeding one pound in weight.

Reform Affects Authors.

One of the effects of the closing of the Catholic schools in France has been to strike a heavy blow at an important literary industry. Immense stocks of school-books have suddenly become waste paper; their publishers are in imminent danger of bankruptcy; their authors do not quite know what to do next to earn their livings.

A Circus Combine.

A circus trust is the latest announcement among new combinations. Buffalo Bill's "Wild West," Forepaugh's, and Sell's shows have consolidated with Barnum and Bailey's. The new combination, which has been projected for some time, has only now been effected. It aims to control the circus field in Great Britain, America, and Europe.

Paupers' Big Drink.

A member of the Manchester Board of Guardians recently protested against the excessive supply of alcoholic stimulants to the paupers. Five hundred and sixty quarts of whisky and 2,400 quarts of ale were, he thought, an enormous quantity for a half-year, seeing that most of the inmates were there through drink. The matter will be considered by a committee.

Paper "Straw" Hats.

A novelty in "straw hats" is promised by French hatters for next season. Straw hats are to be made in future of paper. There will be two kinds of straw-coloured hats; a cheap one, to be obtained at the modest price of fivepence, and a more expensive one, to be bought for half-a-crown. The latter looks exactly like the genuine article. The paper of which it is made is untearable, and unaffected by rain. The hats are being manufactured at Lyons.

Only Feeding the Hare.

An amusing story is told of a poacher who was caught almost red-handed. A hare was struggling in a wire about ten yards off. The old scamp was quite equal to the emergency. When asked to account for his trespass, and for being close to the hare, he held up a turnip, and remarked: "I saw that there har' catched in a wire like, and I pulled this here turnip, and I was just a-going to give the pore thing a little victuals."

The Babies Got Mixed.

Baby shows are out of fashion just now in a certain South Carolina town, and the reason is not far to seek. An exceptionally grand exhibition was being held, lasting several days, cots being provided for the babies to sleep in at night, labelled with names. As luck would have it, some mischievous youths slipped into the exhibition hall during the night, mixed up the babies, and then made off. Next morning pandemonium reigned. The hall was filled with agitated mothers trying to identify their little ones. "No more baby shows for us," was the unanimous cry.

Hens Trained to Lay.

A fox had played havoc in the hen-roost, and the claim sent in to the Hunt was exorbitant. The owner of the defunct fowls justified the prices on the grounds that the hens were trained. "Trained hens!" was the natural ejaculation. "Yes, trained hens! You see, every morning all of them would line up outside the kitchen door, and then they would pass in one by one, at intervals of a few minutes, and go into the pantry, where they would lay their eggs in a basket kept there for the purpose. They were very intelligent hens, and I shall never be able to replace them."

The Neighbour Took Them.

A gentleman who lives at Purtswood rather prides himself on his undoubtedly well-stocked garden. This year he has had a particularly fine crop of green peas, and the other morning he went into his garden to gather a basketful for dinner. Having picked what he considered sufficient, he was just going into the house when he noticed his neighbour, who is very deaf, looking over the garden wall. He thereupon went up to the wall to show them to his neighbour. "Peas," he shouted, as he laid the basket on the wall. "Peas—from my own garden." "Thank you," replied his neighbour, picking up the basket and disappearing indoors with it.

Spent £400,000 on His Holiday.

Four hundred thousand pounds is the sum which it is said the Shah left home with, and the greater part of it is already exhausted. His Majesty paid the Nord Company £1,000 for the special train which brought him to Paris.

Disappointed Ducks.

The absence of water, owing to the great drought, led a flight of ducks at Cobar, New South Wales, to make a strange mistake. They were seen to descend on to the shiny surface of a galvanised iron roof and make desperate efforts to swim.

Stopped for the Ladies.

America has an originality all its own. Recently the most tremendously sham naval manœuvres ever witnessed were in full progress, when Rear-Admiral Higginson suddenly stopped the battle, ran into Newport, and took on board a party of ladies anxious to witness the fight. After that the fight was continued, and "all went merry as a marriage bell."

A Ruse that Worked.

A fruit grower in Jersey, being much annoyed by depredators, obtained a human leg from a hospital, and putting it in a large steel trap in his vinery, began to make inquiries in a disturbed and melancholy manner for the owner of the limb. The neighbours flocked in to see it; the running man was rated for his cruelty; reports were circulated that the "horrid wretch" had filled his ground with traps and his fruit was stolen no more.

Polar Motors.

Besides aerography for maintaining unbroken communication with Europe, further details of M. Bernier's forthcoming Polar expedition show that he contemplates utilising automobilism. M. Bernier, like Dr. Nansen, expects to find the pole surrounded by an ice-belt of about 145 miles in extent. For traversing this he is equipping himself with two five-horse-power motor-cars of special construction, each capable of transporting several persons, with the necessary supplies, at eighteen miles an hour.

"Go to Jericho!"

The latest discovery by philologists is that the rather rude request, "Go to Jericho," has no connection with the Canaanite town so oddly destroyed by Joshua, but is derived from Jericho House, in the Essex village of Blackmore, a secret resort of King Henry VIII. When Henry disappeared from Court it was a common saying that he had "gone to Jericho," and the phrase bears a subtle reference to the decapitating process which would have resulted from intrusion on the privacy of the English Nero.

Ending their Days in the Workhouse.

The Strand Union Workhouse presents a curious spectacle to those who can moralise. That a Coronation message should be sent to the King was proposed by an inmate who had been a Commander in the Royal Navy. Among those who supported it were a Master of Arts, formerly editor of a well-known and popular London newspaper; the former proprietor of a Strand restaurant, whose name was for years a household word; a journalist once as well-known in Fleet Street as any writer of to-day; and several members of the liberal professions.

An Annual Torture.

General James McLeer, a prominent New York citizen whose arm was shattered and his leg broken at the second battle of Bull Run in August, 1862, suffers pains akin to those of neuralgia on the anniversary of the battle each year. He says that days passed before he received proper medical attention. When he closes his eyes he sees the whole scene just as it happened, and he thinks the mental picture and the memory of the wound awaken the nerves and cause the excruciating pain. Otherwise he is healthy, and he gradually overcomes the trouble by the exercise of his will power.

How Foreigners are Humiliated.

The delight of the American Customs official in humiliating foreign arrivals in the United States receives illustration in the following: Passengers who arrived in *La Touraine* recently were asked such questions as—"Can you read and write?" "Has your ticket been paid for by yourself?" "Have you ever been in prison or a poorhouse?" "Are you a polygamist?" "Are you a contract labourer?" "Are you deformed or crippled?" "Have you more than thirty dollars?" The passengers to whom these questions were put were indignant, and some refused point-blank to answer.

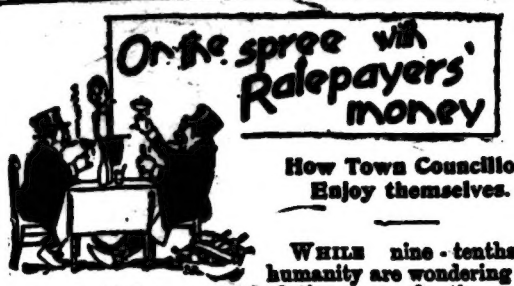
Warship Costs £1,500,000.

It is stated in Devonport Dockyard that the new battleship, *King Edward VII.*, now under construction there, will cost £1,500,000. If she does, she will be the dearest battleship ever built for our Navy, and her two sister vessels, the *Dominion* and *Commonwealth*, will probably cost about as much. The *Irresistible* cost £1,113,329, the *Bulwark* £1,082,305, and the *Venerable* £1,129,756. The *Queen* is expected to cost £1,085,000, and the *Montagu* £1,082,877. The hydraulic mountings and machinery for the 12in. and 9·2in. guns of the *King Edward VII.* will cost about £125,000, and the fitting of them on board another £10,000. The guns themselves will cost £80,000.

The Comma Made a Difference.

Recently a school inspector arrived at a small town in Germany, and requested the mayor to accompany him on a tour of inspection round the schools. The mayor, as he put on his hat, muttered to himself, "I should like to know why that ass has come so soon again?" a remark which the inspector overheard, but affected to ignore. Arrived at the first school he began to examine the pupils in punctuation, but was told by the mayor, "We do not trouble about commas and such like." The inspector merely told one of the boys to write on the blackboard: "The Mayor of Ritzelbuttel says the inspector is an ass." "Now," he added, "put a comma after Ritzelbuttel and another after inspector." The boy did so. The mayor is believed to have changed his opinion as to the value of commas.

Questions Worth Answering are held over this week. They will appear as usual in the next issue.



How Town Councillors Enjoy themselves.

WHILE nine-tenths of humanity are wondering how in the world they are to find the money for the annual seaside jaunt, or summer trip, the city fathers in a good many towns are having a fine time with holidays and outings paid for out of the rates.

Some twelve months ago a Liverpool Corporation committee came to the conclusion that an "inspection" was needed of their huge waterworks away in the beautiful and romantic wilds of Wales. Twenty-six happy councillors took part in the three pleasant excursions planned and carried out, and, backed by the citizens' long purse, a right royal "inspection," worthy of the third city of the Empire, took place. Here is the cost:

	£	s.	d.
Hotel board and lodgings	202	19	11
Rail, carriages and postage	58	18	4
Wines and spirits	31	19	5
Fruit and sandwiches	7	12	4
Papers and magazines	1	5	10
Sundries	0	10	1
	302	5	11

Proportionately, even this little "treat" pales before the cost of a "parks' inspection," lasting only one day. An unconquerable thirst is borne eloquent testimony to, as witness a few of these items: Twenty-one lunches at 3s. 6d. each, twenty-nine dinners at 12s. 6d. each, thirteen champagnes at 18s. each, two old brandies at 12s. each, fourteen hock at 6s. each, three dozen minerals at 8s. a dozen, six special old "Scotch" at 5s. each, two milk punches at 6s. each, two sherries at 5s. each, two ports at 8s. each, two clarets at 4s. each, cigars and cigarettes £2 19s., and carriages £18 8s. The sum of £65 10s. was spent before the councillors turned in for the night, tired but surely happy!

Here are the particulars of a delightful little "trip." The bill was run up by twenty-one gentlemen who also had "waterworks" to inspect.

	£	s.	d.
Railway fares	10	14	10
Carriages	8	8	0
Dinners	11	0	6
Cigars	8	10	11
Wines and spirits	2	18	10
Ice for same	0	2	0
Fruit	1	7	6
Afternoon tea and sandwiches	1	8	6
Papers and magazines	0	10	11
Caterers' rail fares	0	19	0
Train and porterage re luncheon baskets	1	8	0
Driver and guard (tips)	1	7	6
Three waiters at 10s. each, one charwoman (four days) at 2s. 6d. a day	2	0	0
Dinner for drivers, stabling	0	14	0
	51	10	6

The unconscious humour of the purse-bearer of a similar affair who charged £3 12s. for wines and spirits, and, as a separate item, 6d. for a solitary "soda" would be hard to beat.

"Golden Lack" seems a not altogether unfitting name for the brand of the 154 bottles of champagne which Stockport councillors consumed on one occasion. The inauguration of a new tramway service was the excuse for "a gorgeous and glorified guzzle," as one official described it, at the public expense. A preliminary trip "round about the town" in flower-bedecked cars at a cost of £62 gave the councillors a fine appetite (or rather thirst) for the following:—

	£	s.	d.
Dinner, etc.	34	17	0
Twelve dozen and ten bottles "Golden Lack" champagne at 10s. per bottle	77	0	0
Twenty-six bottles at 4s. a bottle	5	4	0
Ten bottles "Pommard" at 5s. a bottle	2	10	0
Three and a half "Old Martell's" brandy at 7s. a bottle	1	4	6
Six bottles liqueur whisky at 4s. a bottle	1	4	0
Three and a half dozen syphons of soda and syphons of lemonade at 1s.	2	2	0
Eight dozen bottles "Bass" at 3s. a dozen	1	4	0
Ten boxes cigars (50) at 20s. a box	10	0	0
	135	5	6

It will be noticed that almost exactly three-parts of the total went in liquids.

The next, also a "thirsty" bill, was the account of three councillors only who journeyed to the South Coast from a Midland town, returning within thirty-six hours.

	£	s.	d.
Hotel expenses	18	4	0
Rail and carriages	12	9	6
Champagne	8	11	0
Other wines and spirits	5	2	6
Cigars and cigarettes	2	8	0
Sundry	1	16	0
	49	11	0

The cattle markets, docks, street paving, cemeteries, parks, abattoirs, and numerous other features of Continental cities afford excuses for the wanderings in foreign lands of numerous favoured "committees." A fortnight spent between Ostend, Cologne, Bremen, Hamburg, and Berlin is not a bad return for the trouble attached to the dignities and privileges of a councillorship.

One corporation spent over £1,000 last year in expenses to councillors out of town on deputation and other business, and, curious to relate, three parts of that amount were spent in the golden summer time, "when the birds were singing and the flowers were in bloom." Generous, too, were the same corporation to its servants, for £416 was actually paid as hire for a steam launch for its medical officer, while over £81 was paid as one month's "petty cash" to another official.

Rochdale paid £529 in deputation expenses, and bewails the fact that, although its Board of Guardians allows only £1 per day expenses for London and 7s. 6d. elsewhere, some of its prodigal councillors can only be satisfied with £3 10s. per day downwards, in addition to first-class railway fare.

HOW IT'S DONE ON THE STAGE.

Hear the wild and howling tempest burst in fury on the stage,
Hear the wind sweep o'er the housetops, and the rolling thunder rage;
See the flaring, flashing lightning glaring through the window wide,
To reveal the scowling villain, peering from the dark outside,
While rain is pouring, pouring, and the hero, warmly cloaked,
Pauses briefly on the threshold to observe that he is soaked;
See the canvas houses tremble in the fury of the gale,
And the heroine, poor creature, looks all terrified and pale.

Oh, the dread of those dark moments, there amid that awful din,
Which is shaken by the stage hands from a few square yards of tin.
Oh, the terror of those vivid sheets of blinding lightning, which
Are produced by quickly turning off and on a rubber switch;
But the hero weathers safely all the fury of the storm,
Braves the shot that makes the rain fall, and escapes quite dry and warm,
While the villain, like an Ajax, gives the thunderbolt the smile;
And amid those blazing flashes smokes the prop man's pipe the while.

Hear the solemn curfew ringing at the tender close of day
As the molten notes go floating o'er the hills and far away;
See the peasants streaming homeward through the ruddy twilight's glow,
Listening the bell's soft ringing as along their way they go,
How the solemn spell is carried till it thrills the very air,
And o'ercomes those simple people as they stand bare-headed there!
What a flood of sweet emotion that melodious music brings,
As it's hammered from a crowbar that's suspended in the wings!

Now the foaming charger gallops till he almost comes in sight,
By the tavern dooryard gateway—almost, mind you, but not quite;
He, no doubt, would lightly canter to the centre of the stage,
And his thirst in yonder fountain realistically assuage;
But although you hear him coming very often in the play,
He's a habit of remaining quite persistently away;
And he has the best of reasons for abiding in the rear—
He's a horse composed of cog-wheels, built exclusively to hear!

A WOMAN with a new dress that is very becoming isn't satisfied until the man she likes best and the woman she likes least have seen it.

A FAT French lady despairingly says: "I am so fat that I pray for a disappointment to make me thin, but no sooner does the disappointment come than the joy at the prospect of getting thin makes me fatter than ever."

TOM: "Have a smoke, old man?"
JACK: "Thanks. Don't care if I do."
TOM: "You'll find that is something like a cigar."
JACK (after a few puffs): "By George, there is a slight resemblance. What is it?"

"WHAT!" exclaimed widow Smashpipes, "bath your boy every day? Why, I never thought of bathing my Jeames but once in the spring, once in summer, once in the autumn, and once in winter. Howsomedever, some children ketch the dirt sooner than others!"

FREEZING TO PAINT.

Hardships Artists have Endured for Love of Art.

ON the day Lord Roberts returned from South Africa Mr. William Luker, of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, determined to get a good sketch of the procession. Eventually he decided that the best spot to obtain the best view was a certain tree in St. James' Park.

In spite of the pains and penalties attached to such an infringement of the Park bye-laws, Mr. Luker promptly climbed the tree, and, airily ensconced in the branches, set to work. Heavy-weight policemen ordered him down and made vain efforts to reach him. But the artist stuck to his perch and sketched away. When at last he did come down he was promptly summonsed and fined, but as his object was accomplished this did not greatly distress him.

Artists in search of realism make sacrifices only equalled by writers in search of copy. Easily foremost in this respect is Vasili Verestchagin, the great Russian painter. He has received no fewer than seven bullet wounds when painting under fire. Once in Central Asia he was with a party of forty Russian troops, when they were surrounded by a horde of Tartars. He had to take a rifle and fight hard for a week before the detachment was relieved.

On another occasion he was painting the figure of a dead man when the battle grew so hot that he had to leave off his work and fight for four days before he could go back and put in the legs.

Verestchagin spent several years in wandering through Central Asia and China; he entered the latter country just after the suppression of the great Tai Ping rebellion. He passed through town after town where hardly a soul remained alive. One city, named Tchougutochak, was simply a charnel house. It did not contain a living creature. It was here that the artist secured the greater part of his wonderful collection of skulls. So utterly realistic is his art that when his pictures of the Russo-Turkish campaign were exhibited at Berlin the Emperor forbade his soldiers to see them.

Michael Munkacsy gave his very life to his art. Indeed, he did more. He gave his reason. His real name was Lieb; he took the name he is known by from the village he was born in. Munkacsy was almost entirely self taught. It was in 1870 he exhibited his first great picture, "The Last Day of a Condemned Prisoner," at the Paris Salon. After that he painted with hardly any break for twenty-six years.

Often he worked all night thinking out details. When a picture neared completion he hardly slept. His mental concentration was extraordinary. He would frequently paint a figure correct in every detail entirely from memory. The result was that at the age of forty-eight he went mad, and three years later died in a private lunatic asylum.

In a recent interview Meissonnier was asked how he managed to get such a vivid picture of the snowy road trampled by horses' feet, and marked with deep wheel ruts in his painting of Napoleon in 1814. The great Frenchman explained that he had waited for a heavy snowfall, and then gone to work on a piece of country lane near Paris. He had to begin at earliest dawn, as he was afraid the light would fail, or the snow go before he could get his impression.

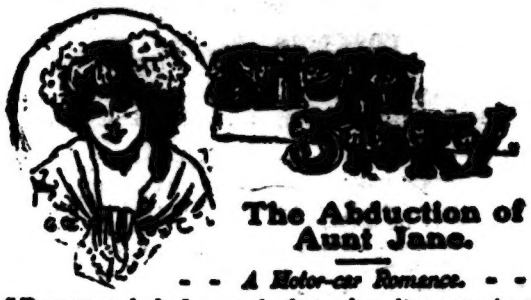
He said it was one of the most bitter days he was ever out in, so that the man he had employed to drive up and down with an old gun carriage struck work, and Meissonnier himself was obliged to finish the job. Then, to get the requisite brilliancy of hard frozen Russian snow, he was forced to powder the road with salt. He declares that one of his ears was badly frozen before he had finished his study.

Another French artist, Gericauld, found that he could not get on with his great work, the "Wreck of the Medusa," because of the frequent distractions caused by his acceptance of invitations. He therefore shaved his head, and vowed that he would not let his hair grow again until his picture was finished. His reward was that "The Wreck of the Medusa" is quite the best work of his life.

To secure accuracy in his picture, "The Light of the World," Holman Hunt spent much money and time in curious experiments. It appears that Sir John Millais had made moonbeams shining through stained glass throw coloured lights. This Mr. Hunt believed to be incorrect. He got the biggest lens procurable, and concentrated moonbeams through a stained glass window upon a white sheet. He found the effect to be a delicate golden yellow, and his discovery is embodied in the picture he afterwards painted.

Few artists have ever undergone such prodigious labour as Mr. Herkomer in his wonderful enamel portrait of the Kaiser. It is by far the biggest enamel painting ever made. The difficulty came in the firing, for the sheet of copper buckled under the heat. Eventually the artist was obliged to use eleven smaller plates, joining them together with such care that they appear to be one piece. The portrait as it stands had over a hundred different firings. Not only that, but Mr. Herkomer had to mix all his own colours for the enamel. The result is a splendid panel six feet high, and a portrait that time has no power to dim.

The October ROYAL contains "The Birmingham Mystery," the seventh of the series "Mysteries of Great Cities."



The Abduction of Aunt Jane.

- - A Motor-car Romance. - -

"Bicycling is bad enough, but when it comes to a young girl flying about the country, no one knows where, alone with a man on a motor-car, I draw the line!"

Aunt Jane's tone of outraged propriety left faint hope for appeal. None the less her niece ventured a mild protest against the sweeping judgment.

"But auntie, dear, we are not going to fly—the police won't let us. We are only going to Bisham Abbey, and we shall not be alone because it's a club run, and ——"

Miss Westlake interrupted the recital of qualifying conditions with a severe frown.

"Madge! I have said no, and decline to discuss the matter further. I disapprove of your being so much with that idle Mr. Swinton. People are beginning to talk, and I'm sure I don't know what dear William would think if he heard of it."

"Dick isn't idle; he's writing a book," was the angry retort; "and as to 'dear William,' he can think what he likes; my conduct does not concern him."

Dear William, who had been in India for the past thirty years, was Aunt Jane's only nephew, and Madge's cousin. Like many a warm-hearted, elderly spinster, Aunt Jane was of a romantic, match-making turn. The marriage of her nephew to the pretty cousin whom he had never seen was the one dream of the good lady's life, from the hour that she welcomed the orphan baby girl under her roof.

But latterly that dream had been threatened with an unanticipated and disastrous end. As Madge grew to womanhood stories of cousin William failed to amuse her; and only last week, in a rebellious moment, she had declared him the most uninteresting man she had ever heard of.

The scornful accent laid on the words "dear William" smote Aunt Jane to the heart. She regretted having spoken disparagingly of Mr Swinton, whom she only disliked in the capacity of a possible rival to her absent nephew, and in kindlier tones she replied:

"My dear, I hope Mr. Swinton's book will be a great success. Now please don't talk any more just now, I haven't even commenced my Indian letter."

Madge opened a book, but she did not read it, her whole attention was devoted to listening. Soon the sound for which she waited came faintly on the summer breeze—two short blasts in quick succession on a motor horn. She waited a few moments, then, with a finger thrust between the pages of the book, rose, and, casting a contemptuous glance at the portrait of cousin William, passed decorously through the open window into the garden.

Once through the garden, and hidden from the house by the friendly foliage of the orchard, Madge dropped her book and ran. With the impetuosity of a storming party, she threw herself upon the one weak point of the hedge, and fought with the prickly hawthorn and clinging bramble for a path. Half way through the breach two strong arms caught the girl, held her for a moment whilst upturned lips paid toll; then swung her lightly into the seat of a motor-car.

"Oh, Dick, it's broad daylight!" was the half-hearted, panting protest.

"Well, never mind, it's such an age since I saw you," he answered, seating himself beside her.

"Exactly twelve hours, sir!"

"And I have such a lot to tell you," he continued, as he steered the car slowly down the narrow, winding lane. "Madge, I've sold my book, and we can be married to-morrow if we like."

"Oh! Dick dear, I'm so glad; but we can't be married all the same; at least, not for ages."

"Why ever not?" he gasped.

"Because I can't marry till I'm twenty-five without the sanction of my guardians; and I'm not twenty till next month; and Aunt Jane won't hear of my marrying anyone but my cousin William, whom I have never seen."

"But he must be fifty years old."

"Quite, but then auntie always thinks of him as the boy who went to India thirty years ago; and the worst of it is he is coming home next month, and expects to marry me."

"You surely don't think of marrying him?" Dick asked with a sudden flash of jealous anger.

"No, Dick! Even if he were half the age he is I couldn't live with a man of such appalling virtue. There's simply nothing human about him. When I was a naughty little girl it was always what dear William would have done, and now it's what dear William would think, or say, all day long. You don't know what a relief it would be to hear of his doing something wrong or saying something foolish, just once."

"There's only one course open to us," he replied, with solemn conviction. "We must elope before the colossus of virtue comes home. I will go to town for a special license to-morrow; and on Wednesday we will go quietly off on the motor-car and get married."

"That wouldn't do at all, Dick. You would be put in prison, and I should have to go back and live with Aunt Jane and cousin William.

"And that isn't all," Madge continued with a sob; "what do you think Aunt Jane says now?"

Dick offered consolation of a kind well known to lovers, and protested that the extent of Aunt Jane's tyranny was beyond human conception.

"That I must not ride about the country with you, and that I can't go to Bisham Abbey on Wednesday."

With a long-drawn whistle Dick brought the car to a stand by the roadside.

"Madge, we must take your aunt with us on Wednesday," he groaned, after a long and thoughtful silence. "She is prejudiced, like most people who have never been on a motor-car. A day's run will change her opinion entirely."

"But the car only holds two," was the doubtful reply.

"Yes, but my brother will take her on his. Only this morning he was saying that if members of the club would take their neighbours on some of the runs prejudice would soon be stamped out. George is president of the club, and he must set a good example by tackling one of the most prejudiced."

That afternoon Aunt Jane's indignation rose to boiling point at sight of a motor-car, stopped at her gate. But indignation gave place to a pleasant flutter of surprise when there alighted from it, and made straight for the house, not the expected and unwelcome younger brother, but no less a personage than Sir George Swinton.

The baronet displayed such eager solicitude for the honour of Miss Westerfield's company on the proposed excursion to Bisham Abbey, that the good lady became a confirmed automobilist from that moment, and accepted without demur the proffered seat on his car.

"Now auntie, dear," her niece exclaimed as soon as Sir George had left, "you can't be so unkind as to keep me at home whilst you are out and enjoying yourself."

"Well, no, Madge," the elder lady replied, "you can go. I shall ask Sir George to keep close behind his brother's motor-car all the time; and I don't think under the circumstances William would object."

The eventful Wednesday dawned, and ere it was well advanced two motor-cars, Sir George's big tonneau and Dick's phaeton, stopped at the cottage.

Aunt Jane was Sir George's only passenger, and he, as president of the club, took the lead of the half dozen vehicles, representing its local section—a disquieting detail of the day's programme, which the well-intentioned lady soon forgot in her full appreciation of the first experienced joys of automobilism.

Though a long mile of dusty road stretched between aunt and niece on the outward journey, the Abbey once reached, Aunt Jane made amends for past neglect by a severity of chaperonage which would have gratified even the absent William. Neither Madge nor Dick was sorry when the time arrived for Sir George to claim his travelling companion, and lead the homeward journey.

But ere the homeward journey was half accomplished a summer storm broke with tropical violence, and drove the wayfarers to the shelter of a solitary wayside inn. For over an hour did the impatient travellers crowd the one small parlour, then just as suddenly as the storm commenced it ceased, and the journey was resumed in darkness.

"Auntie is not home yet," Madge remarked with surprise as she and Dick entered the cottage two hours later.

"Here they come," was Dick's reply, as his quick ear caught the sound of an approaching motor-car.

They hastened to the gate, and there met Sir George, alone.

"Why, where is auntie?" Madge cried.

"At home, surely!"

"But she is not. Oh! what have you done with her? What can have happened?"

"Nothing serious, I trust, Miss Madge ——"

"But you should know," Dick interrupted. "Miss Westlake left the Abbey on your car. She can't have tumbled off without your knowing it."

"Yes, but we sheltered at the inn. I was the last to leave, and, as I could not find Miss Westlake, I concluded that she had taken a seat on another car."

"Depend upon it, she did so, and will be here soon."

"Dick, I wish I could think so, but I passed all the cars on the road except yours, and Miss Westlake was not on one of them."

A painful silence fell upon the three, broken by Sir George declaring his intention of immediately returning to the inn at which the missing lady had last been seen.

Dick would have joined the search, but Madge clung to him, as a fear which she could not bear alone possessed her, and implored him not to leave her.

Through the short summer night the two sat in anxious consultation, and not till the day was well advanced did Sir George return from a hopeless quest. Not a scrap of information had he gathered at inn or roadside.

"I think," he remarked at the end of his story, "that we should communicate with the police at once. I should have done so hours ago but for the hope of finding Miss Westlake here on my return."

A step sounded on the gravel path outside, and Aunt Jane stood before the relieved three, weary, anxious, and guilty-looking, yet withal not ill-pleased. Whilst the two women wept in each other's arms, the two men poured forth eager questions and congratulations.

"Oh! auntie, dear, where have you been?" the girl cried.

"Such an adventure, my dear," the lady gasped, with a nervous whisper, "and so romantic! Madge, I've been run away with!"

To the look of utter bewilderment, not to say incredulity, with which the three heard the astonishing statement, the lady replied with a becoming blush. "Yes, Madge, run away with, by a man I never saw in my life before!"

"But how did it happen?" the girl asked.

Aunt Jane shook a playful finger at the baronet, and giggled, "Oh, Sir George, those dreadful motor-cars!"

"Madam, I assure you ——" the baronet began.

"No, it wasn't yours," the lady hastened to explain; "but another one just like it."

"I did not know there was another one in the locality like mine."

"Oh, yes there is, and it stopped at the inn where we sheltered during that dreadful thunderstorm."

"And you got into it by mistake, auntie?" Madge asked.

"Yes, my dear, I was so terribly upset by the thunder that I could not sit in that stuffy little room any longer, so I went outside. There was a motor-car at the door with a hood over it, just like Sir George's, and painted the same colour, too. I sat down inside it, and I think I must have gone to sleep, dear, for when I woke up it was pitch dark; the car was standing still, and a man was kneeling beside it, using such dreadful language."

"Oh, auntie, what did you do?"

"I screamed, my dear!"

"And then ——"

"The man looked inside, and I screamed again."

"But didn't he say anything?"

"He asked me very politely how I came to be in his car, and I told him that it was not his, and ordered him to drive me home at once. He replied that he could not go a yard further as the car was broken, but promised to take me home in the morning if I would go with him to an inn close by.

"Would you believe it, my dear, we were fifty miles from home, it was past midnight, and there would not be another train from the nearest railway station till eight o'clock?"

"And you went with him to the inn?"

"My dear, what else could I do? I rose as soon as it was light, walked four miles to the station, and took the first train home."

Madge drew herself away from her aunt's incircling arm, and, fixing a glance of withering scorn upon her, replied, with icy clearness: "A most scandalous episode! What will dear William think of you, Aunt Jane?"

"And what will the village say?" Dick asked.

"To think of my being left to the guardianship of such a woman," Madge continued, pointing a scornful finger at the delinquent, whose blushes were fading into deathly pallor.

"The Court of Chancery must be informed at once," added Dick.

"Madge! Mr. Swinton!" the lady gasped; "it was a pure accident. You can't really think me guilty of any indiscretion?"

"What will people think?" was Dick's stoic reply.

"But they must not know! I would not breathe a word of what I have told you to anyone else."

"If you wish to add deception to other failings I shall not be a party to it," Madge remarked, with added scorn.

"Oh, Madge! Why should you tell?" her aunt sobbed. "You know how the world misjudges."

"It's a duty we owe the community, and why shouldn't we tell?"

"Why shouldn't we tell?" echoed Dick.

"Children," she sobbed, "I will do anything if you will only spare me this humiliation."

"Will you withdraw your objection to my marriage with Madge?" asked Dick.

Aunt Jane's glance wandered to a portrait on the wall; and in the silence which fell upon the three the click of the garden gate was heard.

"Here comes Miss Twistale," said Dick. "Madge, you have only to tell her the story to be spared the constant repetition of a painful duty."

From the open window Madge waved a welcome to the approaching visitor.

"Madge, are you mad?" her aunt cried, as she threw herself imploringly upon her niece, who recoiled with a chilling, "Please, don't touch me, Aunt Jane."

"Oh, spare me! spare me!" she moaned, glancing from one stern face to the other.

"Promise!" whispered Dick, as a shadow fell across the sunlit parlour.

"Yes, I promise!"

As the visitor entered by the window Aunt Jane staggered through the door.

A few minutes later Miss Twistale was walking down the garden with a promised subscription to the Sunday-school treat jotted down in her notebook, a half sovereign, subscribed cash down by Dick, in her purse, and a mental comment to the effect that Mr. Swinton was really a very nice young man.

Later that evening Madge and Dick, returning from a long afternoon alone with their happiness, found a strange motor-car at the gate. As they walked up the garden its owner, an elderly man, who carried himself well in spite of grey hairs, left the house. With buoyant step he passed them, raising his cap as he cast one inquiring glance their way, and, mounting the car, drove off.

Aunt Jane met the young people with the radiant smile of a woman transfigured.

"Why, auntie dear, what has happened?" the girl cried, kissing the joyous face, from which the lines of years had suddenly vanished. "You look so happy, and oh! so pretty."

"Come in, children," she replied, "and I will tell you a real romance."

"Years ago, before either of you were born," Aunt Jane commenced, taking a hand of each, "I loved Vivian Cornwall. Madge, you have often seen his photograph in this locket, though you have never heard his name before."

"Yes, and I saw him in the garden just now," the girl exclaimed, breathless with excitement.

"We quarrelled, and, though I would have made it up, I never had a chance. He passed completely out of my life—but not out of my heart."

"But he has come back, auntie, dear."

"Yes. Vivian was the driver of the car which carried me off last night, and, though I never recognised him in the dark, he remembered me. Never a word did he say, but this morning he followed me to the station, discovered where I took my ticket to, and followed me here on his motor-car."

"And you let him go again. Oh, auntie!"

"No, dear, he will never go away again as long as we both live. He was so grieved at having run away with me, and, oh! so kind, that when he asked me to marry him I could not say no."

Pictures of some extraordinary motoring costumes will be found in the October ROYAL.

I become a Castaway

Mr. P. Doubleyou Spends the Night on an Uninhabited Island.

The special mission I had in hand (hunting whales), which, by the way, was not undertaken by the Editor's orders, had led me to the Orkney Islands. To fill in some spare hours a day, I armed myself with an uncouth, home-made fishing-wand, and went down to a rock-bound point of the Pomona coast to fish.

As I was scrambling over the rocks looking for a suitable place, I came upon a jolly little gang of men putting to sea in a couple of small boats.

They explained that they were going to one of the other islands to dip and mark sheep, and offered to take me.

Behold me then transported gaily across to the uninhabited island, where my farmer friend maintains all the year round a huge flock of sheep, several hundred strong. They are left absolutely untended for weeks, and indeed, months at a stretch.

Immediately on landing, vigorous operations were commenced. The island was scoured for the sheep, which were mobilised and driven into the pens in batches, then seized singly and dragged reluctantly forward for their bath in the dipping-trough. Sheep, which were not already ear-marked, had

this long unfelt want quickly supplied.

When affairs had been well started the farmer told me that he would be leaving the island presently in the first boat, and if I wished I could return with him. If, on the other hand, I wanted to stay I could come back with the second boat when the sheep-dipping was concluded. I elected to take the latter course, as I wished to have a look round the island.

I found many things to interest me on my circular tour, and when I finished my look round the island, I began to look round for the boat. When I had finished that I realised that it had gone, its occupants being under the belief that I had gone with the first boat, and there I was, a castaway on an uninhabited island.

My first thought was "What a lovely subject for a *P.W.* article," but it immediately gave place to another, and it is said that second thoughts are best. I thought it was time I had something to eat. I was hungry. The force of imagination was such, that

in five minutes more I was starving.

In ten, with the belief that food was not to be had, I was convinced that I was dying by inches, perhaps feet.

In fifteen I was cool, calm and self-possessed. I had remembered that several cart loads of turnips were stacked safely inside the little-used sheep pen, as emergency rations for the sheep.

That recollection took the edge off my appetite, the fact being that I was not hungry enough to eat raw turnips at that stage.

Still, it struck me that I would go and inspect those turnips, so I strode down to them. What traces of the primitive savage lingered in me must have been aroused, for I drove off, with subdued ferocity, several sheep that were stretching their necks through the rails endeavouring to get bites off my turnips.

I began to calculate how long the turnips would last, and figured out that I should be heartily tired of them before they were all eaten.

I had a box of matches, so I could easily make a fire amongst the ruins. There was no wood on the island, the Orkneys indeed being, with few exceptions, practically treeless, but dry seaweed and heather, of which I collected great armfuls, would do

well enough for fuel.

But what had I to cook? Turnips were not good enough for me. I bethought myself of my fishing-wand, luckily brought ashore with me, and lying where I had laid it. So with the implement I started to catch my meal.

In a quarter of an hour I had caught between twenty and thirty sillocks, which abound about these islands. I next kindled a fire, over which I brandered the fish and made a hearty meal.

During the next couple of hours I found, in time for use next meal, several old cans, lobster-tins, and such like, lying on the beach. Out of these I made useful pots for varying my cookery.

I explored "inland" for fresh water, and speedily found a clear little spring exuding from the hill-side. From this landwards tour I came back with fresh sources of food supply under my control.

These were firstly, eggs, of which ever so many varieties were to be obtained for the mere picking up, the nests being at most only a few yards apart all over the island. For the benefit of future castaways I will classify some of them, in order of excellence, as follows:

(1) Eider-ducks' eggs, large, delicious eating.

(2) Plovers' eggs, about a quarter the bulk of the first, also excellent for the "table."

(3) Guillemots', as large as the first, and almost as fine flavoured.

(4) Seagulls', substantial, but fishy.

(5) Rattos' (scientific name unknown to me), smaller than plovers' eggs, and rather "gamey" for my taste. Others galore.

I began to dread melancholia, so, in order to divert my thoughts and get some excitement, I tried to catch rabbits, which were in great numbers.

I did so in two ways, one, a commonplace method of getting them to run into little *cul-de-sacs*, below stones in the ruins, and then putting in my arm and dragging them out.

My second way, which I also invented for myself, I should not have believed possible had I not proved it in practice. I discovered that though a rabbit may be a fast runner, he cannot stay, and that a very fast sprinter like myself could run him down. This method necessitated a clear course of, say, 200 or 300 yards with no rabbit holes near, into which the quarry might escape. With a slight slope downwards I proved that a man possesses the speed and staying power to overtake a rabbit.

As the thud of my footsteps drew near the fugitive he actually screamed with fear, and, swerving slightly, he tried to double, but I threw myself down on him and grabbed him

before he could escape.

I noticed that a flock of birds swooped down on the remains of my feasts in the ruins, and that several of them, before alighting on the ground, lit on the ruined walls, reversing the direction in which they were facing at the instant they alighted. I accordingly lay down behind that side of the wall to which all the birds turned their tails as they settled, and covered myself well up in dockweed and nettles, excepting my arm and hand which I rested on the edge of the wall.

Presently several birds, unsuspicious of my proximity, alighted within a foot or two of my hand, but I remained motionless. Then another happened to settle within six inches, and a second later he was my prisoner, clutched with a vice-like grip from behind.

Noticing some sheep again having the impudence to cast sheep's-eyes on the store of turnips I went down to drive them away once more on general principles. On my approach all fled but one, and he was a ram. I have since called him Achilles, because when I attempted to hector him off, he elected to do battle, and actually chased me three times

round the ruined walls.

Defeated, for the time being, I was by no means cast down, and ultimately leapt over a low part of the wall. My strategy was successful, he leapt after me and was presently floundering about helplessly amongst the slabs of stone. Escaping, I sought and found a piece of rope, and, returning, I renewed the contest for supremacy.

Partially by kindness, in the form of a turnip, but chiefly by the rope, I succeeded in lassoing, laocooning, and finally binding him, hand and trotter, so to speak. Then I lugged him out to a nice grassy plot, and, partially releasing him, so that he could walk about, I left him tethered to a boulder.

Night came on, but I was prepared with a luxurious bed of heather, and a huge supply of fuel, and, lying down, exhausted but triumphant, I slept comfortably till long after daybreak.

Breakfast was due, and before I ate it, I had to catch and cook it, so off I set to hook some more fresh sillocks. Seeking out a tiny fiord in the rocks, where the ocean lay close upon three-quarters of a fathom deep, I had barely started to fish, when a violent butt from the rear sent me

splashing into the water.

My enemy had pulled the rope off the boulder and escaped, and the conflict had been resumed. Clambering out I engaged in fierce combat with him; finally I reduced him to impotence and tethered him up once more.

After that I stoked up my fire, stripped, and dried my clothes, the while I danced gingerly about wrapt in nothing but a smile, cooking my breakfast.

That important function over, I had some leisure to review my position. It was in vain I fancied myself seizing the island, wresting it from the British Government, establishing a republic, and becoming rich beyond the dreams of avarice by issuing a fresh set of postage stamps. I remembered my duty to the poor, toil-worn Editor, who doubtless, at that very moment, was patiently thinking up fresh work for me, and I decided to signal for help.

Seeing no one had sent for me, I felt justified in sending for some one by setting a patch of the heather on fire. My Absalom-like ruse worked like a charm, the farmer's attention was attracted, and when I saw a boat put off from Pomona, some twenty minutes later, I stamped out my prairie fire, and stood by the ram to release him ere I went.

As the boat grounded on the beach I slipped the ram's cable and fled—with him in full pursuit.

I was sorry my departure from the island was not more dignified, but I suppose it couldn't be helped.

(*Another experience next week.*)

Another 25 Gramophones Given Away This Week.

A splendid chance to get a Gramophone in exchange for 4 strokes of the pen.

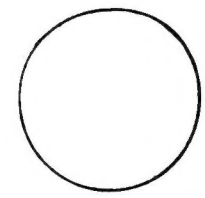
In this competition we offer 25 Gramophones out of the 1,500 which we are giving to readers.

The Gramophone is one of the most delightful companions for the long winter evenings. None of your friends can talk like a talking machine can, and give you the same amount of fun as it produces. It is the very essence of good and genial companionship, and it never tires you. What it says, or what it sings, is always interesting. Once you have heard it you want always to hear it, and it is ever ready and willing to oblige. Each instrument is fitted with a Concert Sound Box, which greatly increases the volume of sound.

So you see that altogether a Gramophone is a valuable acquisition to your home.

How You May Get a Gramophone.

You see the circle below? Well, just mark *four* lines in it to make a face. Each line must be marked in ink. Pencil lines will disqualify the competitor. When you have filled up the circle, cut it out and send it to us, together with your name and address, in an envelope marked "FACE" to arrive by first post Tuesday, October 7th.



Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

A Gramophone will be awarded to each of the twenty-five competitors whose faces are considered by the Editor to be the best.

Another Way of Winning a Gramophone.

Make the best sentence you can construct, the words of which shall begin respectively with the letters

G-R-A-M-O-P-H-O-N-E

in the order given.

Your sentence may deal with any subject you like, and may be either serious or humorous. When you have made your sentence, send your post-card addressed to Gramophone Department, *Pearson's Weekly* Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., to arrive not later than Tuesday, September 30th.

ONE HUNDRED GRAMOPHONES will be given to the hundred competitors whose attempts are considered by the Editor to be the best of those sent in. *If only 99 competitors besides yourself enter for this competition, then you and all your fellow competitors will secure a Gramophone each, no matter what your attempt may be!*

ALL KINDS OF TIES.

SCENE, fancy hosiery shop. Facetious youth, purchasing bow for his sweetheart.

Facetious Youth to Shop Girl: "I suppose you have all kinds of ties here, miss?"

Shop Girl: "Yes, I believe we have, sir. What kind would you like to see?"

Facetious Youth (winking at his sweetheart): "Could you supply me with a pigsty?"

Shop Girl: "With pleasure, sir; just hold down your head and I'll take your measure."

FRIEND: "Did you lose everything in the Bustal Bank?"

Depositor: "Not a penny."

"Well, well! If you knew the thing was going to smash why didn't you say so?"

"I didn't know. I had to go to the country on business, so I left my wife some blank cheques. She went shopping!"

All amateur photographers should have a copy of "How to Take and Fake Photographs," price one shilling.

If you are just an Ordinary Person the Last Paragraph will interest you most.

DETECTIVES MAY NOT SPEAK TO POLICEMEN.

SCOTLAND YARD wishes, very naturally, that its detective officers should be unknown as such to the general public; and to this end it has elaborated quite a lengthy negative code of instructions for their guidance.

No detective, for instance, is permitted to accost or be seen walking with a uniformed constable, nor may he even answer any question which may be addressed to him by such a one, unless he is quite certain that no outsider is within sight or hearing.

If a detective happens to meet a brother detective, the two may join company, but they are forbidden to walk "in step," or "in a drilled style." Neither must any detective affect suits of "unusual" or "striking" pattern, nor wear police regulation boots.

Unlike the ordinary "Bobby," the "'tec" is permitted to go anywhere in search of information; yet he must neither "haunt" nor "frequent" public-houses, nor may he "stand drinks" to persons for "information received," although he may pay for the same in current coin of the realm.

Finally, he must remember to always carefully refrain from saluting his superior officers, nor must he stand to attention—as does the ordinary uniformed policeman—when addressed by them.

POLICEMEN MAY NOT GOSSIP WITH SERVANT GIRLS.

POLICEMEN may not borrow money from licensed victuallers, enter into conversation with soldiers on sentry, stop a Royal carriage, do any work for hire or gain when "off duty," get into debt, solicit a gratuity or accept an unsolicited "tip" of any kind without reporting their having done so to their superiors, nor idle or gossip with servant girls at the doors of houses.

They may not interfere in quarrels between husband and wife unless there is ground to fear that actual violence is imminent, divulge to any person under any pretence whatever the name or identity of any informer, interrogate prisoners with respect to the offence for which they are in custody, or put leading questions to anybody with regard to any offence whatsoever.

Nor may they meet together on any account for any purpose whatsoever, except by permission of their superiors, attend political meetings, interfere on their own initiative with Christmas lotteries, public or private, seek the redress of any grievance or the grant of any privilege by collective petition or memorial, or take off their armlets while on duty.

They are forbidden to give information to gentlemen connected with the Press without express and special authority, conceal or cover up their numbers, accept testimonials from the denizens of localities wherein they are at the time serving, or strike a prisoner on the head with their truncheons.

SOLDIERS MAY NOT KISS THEIR WIVES IN PUBLIC.

THERE are many things, perfectly harmless in themselves, which Tommy Atkins must carefully refrain from doing, that is, if he wants to leave the service with a "clean defaulter sheet," and his full complement of good conduct badges.

He must not, for instance, smoke in the streets before "retreat," or wear "cut down" caps or "square-pushing" (*i.e.*, civilian) boots. He may not sing or whistle anywhere the "Dead March"; or, if stationed in Ireland, "The Boyne Water," "Croppies Lie Down," or "The Wearing of the Green."

The carrying of any parcel by a soldier in uniform is an offence, and this order has been so strictly enforced that a man returning to barracks with a box of pills in his hand has had his name placed on the minor offence report, and was duly awarded three days "C. B." next morning at orderly room.

Finally, although Tommy is at perfect liberty to marry, and that, too, without asking his commanding officer's permission, it has been held to be an offence against discipline for him to kiss his wife in public; nor may he carry his own child in his arms, or even wheel it in a perambulator, anywhere outside barracks.

ARMY OFFICERS MAY NOT WEAR TOP HATS.

ARMY officers are forbidden to wear beards, and they must keep their hair cut to regulation length, and have their boots laced according to the regulation pattern. When in uniform they must on no account presume to make use of a 'bus, tram, or other public conveyance; and even when in mufti they are not permitted to travel otherwise than first-class by rail or steamer.

No more costly costume exists than the full-dress uniform of an officer in a crack cavalry corps, yet he dare not for the life of him carry an umbrella to protect it from the weather. Once the Duke of Cambridge, presuming probably on his high rank and long service, ventured to transgress this unwritten law. But he never repeated the experiment.

In most corps the silk hat—emblem of respectability everywhere else—is altogether tabooed, as are also blue serge suits, red ties, and kid gloves. Every officer must "sir" everybody who is superior to him in rank, and an omission to do this is practically certain to be attended with unpleasant consequences.

Finally, no officer is allowed, however much he may desire it, to dispense with the services of at least one man-servant, nor must he dine away from the regimental mess without previously notifying the caterer, and then only for a limited number of nights a month.

M.P.'s MAY SLEEP, BUT MAY NOT SNORE.

THE unwritten laws which govern etiquette in the House of Commons are many and varied. No member, for instance, is allowed to raise both his feet from the floor at one and the same time. He may sit with one foot up, but not with two; that is, unless he is a front benchman. He may not eat so much as a biscuit, save only in the places set apart for the purpose; but he may partake with impunity anywhere of any kind of liquid refreshment. He may sleep as soundly as in his bed at home—if he can manage it; but he must not snore.

In ordinary life one uncovers as a mark of respect; but, speaking generally, the reverse holds good within the walls of the Palace of Westminster. One of the gravest breaches of the rules of the House ever committed was that perpetrated not long since by the Marquis of Salisbury, when he seated himself beside the Lord Chancellor on the woolsack with his head bare.

A member may take a whole bevy of lady friends on to the terrace, and even entertain them to tea there; but he must not permit one of them to set her foot upon the sacred floor of the Council Chamber itself. He may, in the course of debate, say many things derogatory to his fellow members, but he may not, even to praise or flatter them, allude to any one of them by name.

BARRISTERS MAY NOT OWN WHELK STALLS.

BARRISTERS cannot recover their fees by an action at law because, by a pretty fiction of the profession, they are not regarded in the light of payment for work done or services rendered, but as gratuities; neither may they undertake a case without the intervention of an attorney.

No barrister is permitted to be "in trade," either directly or indirectly; that is to say, he may not, for example, own a whelk stall, or "run" a drapery emporium; nor may he act as clerk, or in any other subordinate capacity, to a firm of solicitors, no matter how eminent the latter may be. Further, it is forbidden him to earn money by the exercise of any handicraft, or as an unskilled labourer.

He must, moreover, be very careful what he is about when arrayed in professional costume, or he may find himself hauled ignominiously before the Benchers of his Inn. No barrister in wig and gown, for example, dare ride in a public conveyance, enter a tavern, or even walk in the public streets save with "becoming gravity and decorum."

Finally, should he ever become King's Counsel, he is debarred by the etiquette of the profession from accepting conveyancing or pleading, or taking pupils, although these may have constituted erstwhile one of his most lucrative sources of income.

WIVES MUST GET THEIR HUSBANDS' DINNERS.

A WIFE must not pledge her husband's credit save for the necessaries of life, live anywhere but in the place her husband assigns to her, indulge in eavesdropping, fail to cook "to the best of her knowledge and ability" the food his money provides for the household, associate with people who are distasteful to him against his expressed will and wish, nor, generally, refuse to yield him that due measure of obedience to which he is naturally entitled as "king and ruler in his own family."

But more especially the wife is not permitted to set up her will against her husband's in regard to anything that relates to their children's up-bringing, or secular or religious education. The common law of England holds that in these matters the authority of the husband is absolutely paramount, and one which he cannot, even of his own free will, relinquish.

Thus, it is completely established that an ante-nuptial promise by the father that the children of the marriage shall be brought up in a religion different from his own, is not binding, and may be repudiated, even although the wife consented to the marriage solely on the faith of such promise.

HUSBANDS MUST GIVE THEIR WIVES FOOD MONEY.

THE husband must not fail to provide, to the best of his ability, suitable food and raiment for his wife and family; and this liability extends also to her children, if any, by a prior marriage. He cannot refuse to liquidate debts incurred by her prior to marriage, even though his own ruin be the direct, inevitable, and immediate result. He must not ill-use her or she will be justified in quitting his house and refusing to return, and the law will compel him to contribute to her support notwithstanding that he may offer to receive her back and refrain from repeating the ill-usage.

Neither may he slander her, nor impute misconduct to her without just cause, or a similar result may ensue. He may not interfere with, nor can he claim, money deposited by her in the Post Office Savings Bank, not even although it may have been accumulated out of the allowance made for housekeeping, by dint of stinting himself or his children of necessaries; but should she be ill-advised enough to hoard it about her person or the house he may lawfully lay claim to it.

Whether he gets it or not, however, depends on the relative strength and determination of himself and his spouse.

PARSONS MAY NOT FARM MORE THAN EIGHTY ACRES.

A CLERGYMAN of the Church of England may not ride to hounds, resort to any tavern or lodge or board therein, play dice or cards or "tables," meet his colleagues in a private house to discuss grievances or decide on a joint course of action, farm more than eighty acres of land, engage in or carry on any trade or dealing for gain or profit, reside outside the bounds of his own parish, give or offer to any patron of an ecclesiastical benefice money or money's worth as an inducement for his presentation thereto.

Furthermore, he may not seek election as a member of Parliament; and should he, by concealing the fact that he is a Clerk in Holy Orders, succeed in becoming elected, he is forbidden to take his seat or to vote under a penalty of £500 a day, to be forfeited, together with all costs of the action, to anyone who cares to sue him for the same. Neither may he aspire to the offices of town councillor, alderman, or mayor; although by a curious anomaly of ecclesiastical law, he may be a county, parish, or district alderman or councillor.

POSTMEN MAY NOT KEEP "PUBS."

ONE rule in the book supplied to town postmen runs thus: "You are allowed to record your vote, if you have one, at a Parliamentary, town, or County Council election; but you are not allowed to take any active part in an election or to serve on any committee having for its object to promote or prevent the return of any particular candidate, and you are also prohibited from becoming a candidate for the County Councils."

All postmen, also, are prohibited from engaging in certain businesses, as, for instance, licensed victualling, with which they may not be connected either directly or indirectly; and this rule was extended, a few years back, so as to cover the cases of "off-license" holders.

Sub-postmasters can now hold wine and spirit licenses only by express permission from St. Martin's-le-Grand, a privilege which is but very sparingly granted.

ONE PAWNBROKER MAY NOT ADVANCE MONEY ON ANOTHER'S TICKET.

A PAWNBROKER may not do any of the following things: Take an article in pawn from any person appearing to be under the age of twelve years (sixteen in London), or to be intoxicated; purchase or take in pawn or exchange a pawn ticket issued by another pawnbroker; employ any servant or apprentice, or other person under the age of sixteen years to take pledges in pawn; under any pretence purchase, except at a public auction, any pledge while in pawn with him.

He may not suffer any pledge, while in pawn with him, to be redeemed with a view to his purchasing it; make any contract or agreement with any person pawning, or offering to pawn, any article, or with the owner thereof, within the time of redemption, for its purchase, sale, or disposition; deal in plate unless he has a separate license so to do.

AMBASSADORS MUST NOT SMUGGLE CIGARS—BECAUSE THEY MAY.

ORDINARY individuals, when entering a country, are usually allowed to bring in a certain small, specified quantity of dutiable articles free of cost to themselves. But this privilege is denied to ambassadors, as well as to members of their suites; and for the following reason: Their luggage may not be searched by the revenue officials, as in theory ambassadors are not subject to the laws of the particular state to which they are accredited, but only to those of their own.

All the more reason, therefore, urges the unwritten code of morals which regulates international etiquette, that they should be above suspicion. The French ambassador to the Court of St. James' could, if he so chose, smuggle a ton of the very choicest cigars into London next time he arrives here from the Continent, and not all the Custom House officials in England could prevent him; which is why (paradoxical though it seems) he dare not even bring one half dozen for his own personal consumption.

For a similar reason ambassadors, being privileged from arrest and protected from actions at civil law, cannot engage in trade, act as trustees, or do any of a very large number of similar things, which, if performed by private persons, would be perfectly blameless or even praiseworthy.

STOCKBROKERS MAY NOT USE NEW PENCILS.

THE stockbroker would certainly fare badly who should venture to introduce a new lead pencil within the sacred precincts of the "house," for he is thereby transgressing the unwritten law which decrees that only old and worn "stubs" may be used by members in making their calculations. And this is but one example, selected at haphazard, and from among scores of other similar queer little customs.

As regards his dress, for instance, he must on no account presume to wear brown boots, nor is he allowed to don during business hours any other hat but a silk one. Coloured shirts in summer are also strictly tabooed, and no matter how sultry the weather may be he dare not put in an appearance in flannels.

Conversely, during the winter months, no muffler must envelope his throat; unless, indeed, by affixing therein a scarf pin, the offender can succeed in persuading his colleagues that the forbidden article of attire is not really what it appears to be, but is merely a somewhat voluminous species of cravat.

YOU MAY NOT—

Row upon any river or inland lake on the Sabbath day.

Cultivate the tobacco plant in your greenhouse or garden.

Shear your sheep—supposing you happen to have any—in winter.

Open your shop on Sunday, or abstain from church on that day.

Shake a door-mat in the streets after eight o'clock in the morning.

Make or use any slide upon ice or snow on a footpath, or roll a hoop or wheel a perambulator thereon.

Allow your servant to stand upon the outside window ledges of your house for the purpose of cleaning your windows.

Carry a bradawl or a gimlet on your person between the hours of nine p.m. and six a.m. If you do you may possibly find yourself "run in" on a charge of having house-breaking implements in your possession at night.

Go about after dusk with your face blackened, or otherwise disguised. If you do so, you are committing a felony. Amateur Christy minstrels and people who are given to attending masked balls should make a note of this.

Being a civilian, train or drill any person in the use of arms, or the practice of military exercise, movements, or evolutions; or attend yourself in order that you may be so drilled or instructed. In the first case you are guilty of a felony, in the second of a misdemeanour.

Throw orange peel on the pavement. If you do you render yourself liable to be summarily arrested, not by the police alone, as is the case in regard to most other offences, but by any person who happens to be passing and witnesses the occurrence. You will be charged under the Highways Act, with "throwing rubbish on a thoroughfare," and may, on conviction, be fined or imprisoned.

Get "The Adventures of Captain Kettle," published in two volumes, price 6d. each.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

MAN is subject to 1,212 different diseases.

ARTIFICIAL pearls are made from fish scales.

AN ordinary brick will absorb sixteen ounces of water.

THERE are four millionaires in England to one in France.

LONDON has over 500 railway stations, exclusive of goods depots.

ONE pound of sheep's wool is capable of producing one yard of cloth.

THE number of bad sovereigns in existence is about twenty thousand.

PRUSSIAN-BLUE paint is made from the ashes of the burnt hoofs of horses.

IT costs £50 a year to dust the books in the library of the House of Lords.

BOILING meat is less wasteful than baking, and baking less wasteful than roasting.

ONE thousand tons of soot settle monthly within the 118 square miles of London.

FORTY-FOUR muscles are called into play in the production of the human voice.

IN London each day 400 children are born, and 250 enter school for the first time.

JUDGES have worn the peculiar wigs they now wear ever since the reign of Charles II.

SILK is considered unclean by the Mohammedans, because it is the product of a worm.

BREAD as a daily article of food is used by only about one-third of the population of the earth.

THERE is no case on record of a man having committed a crime with a pipe or cigar in his mouth.

MUSHROOMS generally consist of 90 per cent. water, but the remaining 10 per cent. is more nutritious than bread.

EACH year about £10,000 is expended in sprinkling the streets of London with sand, to prevent horses from slipping.

SO difficult is the art of cutting gloves that most of the principal cutters are known in the trade by name and by fame.

THE difference between a planet and a star is this: A star shines by its own light, a planet by light reflected by another body.

IN the Belgian Parliament, when a member is making a long speech, he may be supplied with brandy-and-water at the Government expense.

WHEN a Russian family moves, it is the custom to carry the fire from the hearth of the old house in a closed vessel to the new residence.

A DIET of garlic is a wonderful aid to the complexion.

MAN is the only animal that possesses a real nose and chin.

ONE-THIRD of the people who go mad recover their senses.

THERE are 725 ancient castles on the banks of the Rhine.

THE hair of the head grows faster in summer than in winter.

IT is estimated that 49 per cent. of the days in London are wet.

A FINE ostrich is calculated to yield £500 worth of feathers.

TIGHT, unventilated hats are one of the chief causes of baldness.

ORANGE-JUICE is one of the best dressings for black shoes or boots.

HEARING, as a rule, is more acute with the right than with the left ear.

THE chance of two finger-prints being alike is not one in sixty-four billions.

THE only country where a daily musical paper is published is America.

BICYCLES are now largely used in place of horses on American cattle ranches.

THE average of wrecks in the Baltic Sea is one every day throughout the year.

SOME Parisian restaurants charge a shilling extra for the use of the tablecloth.

GREAT BRITAIN has 1,951,000 domestic servants, earning £68,500,000 per annum.

IN London there are more fires on Saturday than on any other day in the week.

THE Mexican dog has no hair. The hot climate makes such a covering superfluous.

THE smallest bone in the human body is in the lenticular, seated in the human ear.

THE ants of South America have been known to construct a tunnel three miles in length.

TO DRINK sweet milk after eating onions will purify the breath so that no odour will remain.

TO MODEL, dress, and keep in repair some of Madame Tussaud's wax figures costs over £1,000 each.

THE hair on the head of most of the dolls in this country is made from the hair of the Angora goat.

PRISONERS when arrested in Morocco are required to pay the policeman for his trouble in taking them to gaol.

IT is one of the privileges of Chinese commanding officers that they may only be beaten by the hand of their generals.

IF great cold turned our atmosphere to liquid air it would make a sea 35 feet deep over the surface of the whole globe.

EATON SQUARE is the largest square in London. Its area is 607,000 square feet. This is nearly one-sixth greater than Lincoln's Inn Fields.

AN average Britisher is as strong as two Hindoos.

A MAN should weigh 26lb. for every foot of his height.

BRETON sheep are not much larger than a fair-sized hare.

THERE are over 21,000 stitches in an ordinary white shirt.

THERE are now alive twelve ex-Lord Mayors of London.

IN mining accidents one death in four is caused by afterdamp.

FORTY-EIGHT kinds of house-fly have been classified by naturalists.

OXEN and sheep fatten better in company than when kept alone.

THE eight muscles of the human jaw exert a force of about 500lb.

A BODY weighing 1lb. on earth would weigh 27¼lb. upon the sun.

WHITEWASH made of quicklime and wood-ashes will destroy moss on tiles.

THE various countries of the world use 13,400 different kinds of postage stamps.

THE eel has two separate hearts. One beats 60, the other 160, times a minute.

SOME of the insurance companies of Paris refuse to insure people who dye their hair.

To prevent stockings wearing at the heels, line the backs of shoes with a piece of black velvet.

THE cost of firing a single shot from a 16in. gun would pay a private soldier for five years.

THE average French person uses 6lb. of soap in a year. The average English person uses 10lb.

THE standard of height in the British Army is greater than in any other army in the world.

THE roar of a waterfall is produced almost entirely by the bursting of millions of air-bubbles.

MORE steel is used in the manufacture of pens than in all the sword and gun factories in the world.

MONEY orders, the value of which had not been drawn, brought £100,000 to the Government last year.

BLUE PETER, the flag shown on ships about to sail, is derived from the French word *partir*, to leave.

IN order that a rainbow may be produced, the sun must not be more than 42deg. above the horizon.

JAPANESE florists have succeeded in cultivating a rose which looks red in the sunlight and white in the shade.

THE giraffe, armadillo, and porcupine have no vocal cords, and are, therefore, mute. Whales and serpents are also voiceless.

IN nearly every street in Japanese cities is a public oven, where for a small fee housewives may have their dinners and suppers cooked for them.

IT costs the Admiralty £4,000 to scrape the barnacles off the bottom of one of the big men-o'-war and repaint it. This has to be done twice a year in the case of nearly every vessel.

WITH THE LOSS OF WEIGHT I HAD A CORRESPONDING INCREASE OF BOTH MENTAL AND PHYSICAL POWERS

THE DANGERS OF OBESITY.

BESIDES the discomfort and unsightliness of an abnormal burden of fat, there are dangers attendant upon this bodily ailment which are not always so immediately alarming as to receive the careful attention they deserve. A great authority on corpulency, its causes and its cure, says: "Those who suffer from polysarcia omenti, that is an accumulation of abdominal subcutaneous fat, carry also an enormous weight of fat around the internal organs, and are prone to the complaints known as fatty degeneration of the heart and liver." Mr. Russell, from whose book, "Corpulency and the Cure," we are quoting, is a specialist, whose life-long studies have been pursued to a single end—the treatment and permanent cure of corpulency. To judge from nearly a thousand cases in which the patients themselves have given their written testimony, Mr. Russell has been singularly successful. The treatment is absolutely harmless, and involves no irritating restrictions, no sweating process, no weakening cathartics. On the contrary, the patient, after carefully following Mr. Russell's régime, is surprised to find that the appetite has been brought back to what it should be, that the digestive powers are more active, and that increased vitality and strength are, together with the much-desired reduction in bulk, the undeniable results. Mr. Russell's treatment brings about a change for the good within twenty four hours of commencing it, the loss of weight varying from ¾lb. to (in extreme cases) 4lb. Readers are strongly recommended to study "Corpulency and the Cure." Anyone may obtain a copy, post free, by sending three penny stamps to Mr. F. C. Russell, 27 Store Street, London.—Reprinted from the EASTERN MORNING NEWS.

PRESS APPRECIATIONS.

"Since the first success of the 'Russell' treatment some twenty odd years ago, the triumphs of this marvellous system for the permanent reduction of corpulency have increased by leaps and bounds. Everyone who has tried it has been eager to recommend it to his or her stout acquaintances."—ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

Russell Treatment for the Cure of Corpulency

A UNIQUE TREATMENT.

The "Russell" Treatment is a marvellously efficacious and radical cure, which is not only not harmful, but is extremely vitalizing and strengthening, promoting appetite and aiding digestion, assimilation, and nutrition. Meanwhile the reduction of adipose matter goes steadily on until normal weight is reached.

NO NOXIOUS DRUGS. NO STRINGENT DIETARY. NO DRASTIC RESTRICTIONS.

AN UNFAILING TEST.—The weighing machine will prove that the reduction of fat commences within twenty-four hours, the loss of weight varying from ¼lb to 4lb.; even more than this in severe cases of obesity.

On receipt of three penny stamps to defray postage under plain sealed envelope, Mr. F. Cecil Russell, Woburn House, 27 Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., will be pleased to forward to all readers of "Pearson's Weekly" a gratis copy of his authoritative work, "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages, free). It contains the RECIPE and the most exhaustive information on the causes and cure of obesity, besides a thousand testimonials from the author's patients, and as many extracts from the Press. All communications treated as strictly private.

"Verily the merits of the 'Russell' treatment should be made known to everyone who is of a corpulent habit, or who has merely a tendency that way. . . . The cure is generally radical and complete."—DUBLIN DAILY EXPRESS.

"The 'Russell' treatment for obesity is a deservedly world-wide success. It has the merits of being pleasant to take, harmless, perfectly reliable, and free from distressing restrictions. There is no doubt that it is one of the cures of the age."—WELDON'S JOURNAL OF COSTUMES.

A MISTAKE & HOW TO REMEDY IT.

TO THE STOUT OF BOTH SEXES

MANY men and women, alarmed at the inexplicable encroachments of corpulency, are desirous of taking a stone or two off their weight. They have got heavy in their movements; they find they have more difficulty in breathing freely; they are reluctantly compelled to give up athletic exercises, and outdoor pastimes become more irksome than pleasurable. The women, especially, suffer the mortification of being no longer so attractive, and their favourite recreations—dancing, lawn-tennis, etc.—can no longer be indulged in to any enjoyable extent. The mistake is that they let the mischief go too far, the fat accumulating, the figure spoiling, and the general health deteriorating. Happily for these imprudent ones, these things are easily to be remedied by the famous "Russell" treatment. The remedy is pleasant, harmless, and sure. It is truly scientific and very simple; and a reduction of from ¼lb. to 2lb. per day is guaranteed. When normal proportions are reached, the treatment may be discontinued. The "Russell" treatment is very fully described in "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), by Mr. F. Cecil Russell, and any of our stout readers may obtain a gratis copy of this wonderful interesting book by sending three stamps to the author at Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.—Reprinted from MYRA'S JOURNAL.

I FEEL VASTLY IMPROVED BOTH PHYSICALLY & MENTALLY. MY WEIGHT HAS NEVER INCREASED SINCE

Lion-farming, Strike-breaking, and Other Novel Ways of Making a Living.

The greatest living exponent of the art and science of "creeping" is a Chiswick man, the same who claims to be the last of the "Peterboat" men. He is a fisher, but his branch of the industry is of a peculiar kind.

He is an expert at grappling and "creeping" for objects lying at the bottom of the river. As a "creeper" he is employed regularly by many firms of shippers to fish up articles which have been lost overboard. The usual objects he fetches from the Thames bed embrace such things as half-ton anchors, casks of zinc, pigs of lead, copper tubes, ironwork, shipbuilding paraphernalia, and the like.

This branch of the fishing industry increases in importance year by year. Some years ago the Chiswick creeper brought up a case of watches valued at £1,500. This was from the bed of the river under London Bridge, and he was paid for the job only. In this particular instance the loss was known, therefore the find was not a chance one.

Another special haul was when he hooked and raised the steamship *Osprey's* propeller, a mass of metal weighing six tons. He also has a goodly number of more gruesome finds. The prices paid for the recovery of bodies varies with the side of the river. On the Surrey side 5s. each is paid, but only half that sum is paid

on the Middlesex side.

Sometimes he is able to fish live bodies out of the Thames. On one occasion he dragged out two women and six men; on another he saved the lives of "three men and a soldier." Thames "creepers" make curious distinctions.

A novel means of earning a livelihood has been adopted by an old couple at Leigh, in Lancashire. Very heavy pains and penalties are attached to colliers who take tobacco pipes into the coal workings. This being so, the men are driven to evolve all manner of methods in order to obtain their smoke when going to or from their work.

The two old people live in a cottage near to a large coal pit. They make their living by charging colliers a penny a week each for taking care of their pipes.

The newest of professions is that of "strikebreaking." During the industrial war waged in the United States by the Steel Trust and the workers at Pittsburg and Wellsville, it was stated that the work of starting the mills would be intrusted to Mr. Whitehead, of Alabama.

Whitehead is a "professional strikebreaker." With the aid of about forty men, all perfect jacks of all trades, he goes about the country smashing up strikes. His men are ever ready to replace striking mechanics, with the result that the band is known in the States as "Ali Baba Whitehead and

his forty thieves."

There is a thriving Irish industry which is known to but few. It is that of lion-farming.

The old lion-house in the Zoological Gardens at Dublin has been the birthplace of innumerable lions. These have been exported to Australia, to America, to India, in fact, to most parts of the world.

Within the house, which has now been condemned as unfit for leonine habitation, no fewer than 217 cubs have been born, and their sale has realised close upon £5,000. Should the industry make progress throughout the country, one can imagine that evictions of recalcitrant tenants will be more lively even than at present.

Snake breeding is a somewhat considerable industry in India. This is owing to the rewards offered by the Government for the destruction of wild animals and venomous snakes.

Each year many thousands of the natives die from bites inflicted by the terrible *cobra de capello*, the black-hooded snake. In those regions where rewards are offered for the dead cobras brought in, the guileless natives set up cobra farms. Breeding cobras is said to give an excellent return for a moderate outlay of capital and labour.

A "crow hatchery" has been started in Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania, U.S.A. This is in order to make a proper business in supplying the big millinery houses with crows' wings and heads.

Owing to the extreme shyness of the birds they are very difficult to catch. The hatchery referred to is but a small one at present, as only 200 birds have been reared. Next season the owner hopes to have a couple of thousand on hand.

The birds are being carefully protected from "sportsmen," and are fed liberally so that they may not be tempted to pillage the cornfields of farmers in the surrounding country. The enterprising owner expects to net good profits, as his crop should find a ready sale at 2s. for each head, and 1s. for each pair of wings.

Herds of wapiti and bison are being reared at Haggerston, on the bleak coast of Northumberland. Mr. Leyland, the owner of these herds of wild animals, started his wonderful collection of emus, kangaroos, water-fowl, and various other birds, some twenty years ago, in Wales. Ten years ago he migrated to Northumberland.

In America the bison is no longer to be found in an absolutely wild condition. In Northumberland, Mr. Leyland's herd is slowly, but surely, on the increase. Many other remarkable creatures find a safe home in the great inclosure within sound of the North Sea.

Apart from kangaroo-farming in England, it forms an important industry in Australia. The hide of the kangaroo is a valuable commodity, and so are the tendons. These tendons are valuable from their exceeding fineness, and they are the best things known to surgeons for sewing up wounds. They are especially useful for holding broken bones together, being much finer and tougher than catgut.

"Egg harvesting" is another peculiar occupation. It is profitable. For instance, the island of Texel, off the Nieuwe Diep, Holland, finds its greatest wealth lies in the "harvesting" of plovers' eggs. Between 28,000 and 30,000 eggs were taken from the nests this season. These

realised 3½d. each.

Ploughing for gold is a new, and not overcrowded, occupation. The utter fruitlessness and absurdity of ploughing the sands is considered popularly to be beyond doubt. On the other hand, a New York contemporary claims that it is a most profitable occupation as practised in Wyoming.

A block of several thousand acres of land occurs there, which formerly was an immense glacial moraine, and which contains about two dollars in gold to the ton. All attempts to obtain the gold by washing have failed, owing to the extreme fineness of the mineral; the gold is about as fine as flour.

A farmer, who was ploughing the land with an old plough bolted together with copper bolts, made a big discovery. In turning over an old placer dump he found that on each of the bolt heads a chunk of amalgam had formed. This amalgam was retorted, and about fifty cents (2s. 1d.) in gold was obtained from each bolt head.

When the neighbouring ranchers heard of this they copperplated their ploughs in hot haste. Now, all hands are hard at work ploughing and reploughing the moraine in the hope of making their fortunes. However, as gold will not form an amalgam with copper without the presence of quicksilver, it would be of great interest to know how the

gold ploughing is worked.

A very curious trade is the traffic in second-hand legs carried on by a man living near the Hospital Saint Louis in Paris. For years he has driven a brisk trade. He buys his goods from the relatives of those one-legged men who die in the hospital hard by. He claims to have the greatest assortment of wooden legs of any dealer in Paris.

A Halifax tramp has a peculiar occupation, when he works. At the Borough Court he stated that his trade was that of threading needles for tailors. He stated at the same time that he had not worked at his trade since he was five years old.

New employment for women has been discovered, that of displacing the existing shoe-blacks. Centrally situated rooms are to be taken, and they will be furnished tastefully. A staff of properly trained women assistants will be kept ready to black anybody's boots.

Conveyances will be sent round to collect dirty boots and shoes from customers' houses, and to return the footgear in a state of perfect polish. It is suggested that such rooms might be combined in connection with many of the shoemaker's establishments in large towns.

"I suppose old Moneybags doesn't really know how much he is worth?"

"He doesn't? Why, doesn't he read the papers?"

A: "Did your watch stop when you dropped it on the floor?"

B: "Of course it did. Did you think it would go through?"

Gentleman (in Sloane Street): "What! you begging here, too? I saw you only a little while ago begging in Cheapside."

Beggar: "Yes, sir. I have a branch establishment there!"

Exhibitor: "This, ladies and gents, this piece of straw is that celebrated last straw that broke the camel's back."

Mrs. Farmer: "Weel, weel, John, that's wonderful. I've heard o' that straw a' my life, but little did I ever expect to see it."

ARE BALD-HEADED FATHERS A TRIAL?

Yes, They Are, Says a Grown-up Daughter.

The above question may strike some readers as being too frivolous to be worthy of a place in our pages, but as it happens to be written in a serious spirit by one who has known what it is to suffer from the fact that her male parent has lost the greater part of the hair that once covered his head, it is, perhaps, deserving of some attention.

Of course, bald heads are common enough, and on that account, if on no other, they ought not to cause unusual remark. Yet there is no getting away from the fact that grown-up girls, as a class, are much put about at times by the circumstance of their father's bald and blameless condition.

To begin with, girls who are just out of their teens, and who are waking up to the real meaning of life and all its responsibilities, are sensitive, and are for ever on the alert to avoid anything that is at all likely to bring about even the smallest embarrassment. They go here and there, and they, in their turn, invite friends and acquaintances to their own homes.

Among such friends there is occasionally one who might one day, with a little encouragement, become a possible lover. The girl sees to it that the house and all about it and within it are in apple-pie order; she introduces her mother, and her canary, and her little plot of garden, where forget-me-nots and mignonette are making a bold bid for life. Then afternoon tea is served, and all seems to be going on quite satisfactorily, when, unannounced, and in rather a fretty temper, her father puts in an appearance.

The possible lover has hitherto only seen the pater with his hat on, and it is something of a shock to him to find, now that he meets him wearing no head covering, that he is as bald as a broom-handle. As the girl introduces her father the young man's eyes meet hers, and she thinks that she sees just a tiny spark of merriment that is not far removed from ridicule.

The girl assures herself that the sight of mirth in her friend's eyes was only her fancy, but later on she thinks that she may have been right after all, for the young man's eyes persist in wandering about in search of poor father's bald head. Baldness is a condition that compels attention when it exists in unlooked for quarters, and when it is accompanied by a certain good-humoured style of face it is unquestionably fun-productive.

We all know how our very lives are largely influenced by trifles, but few of us seem to realise how the most important step in life—marriage—is frequently made to miscarry through the most absurdly small and seemingly trivial circumstances. Unless everything goes with perfect smoothness for the first few days of a budding courtship there is likely to be a spill, and another event that "might have been" fades away into the shadows whose gloom will never be penetrated by human ken.

The young man who is put off a girl he admires by the mere fact that she happens to be the daughter of a bald-headed man is not worth the shoe-leather that he stands upon, say you. Still, the most sensible amongst us have unsought prejudices, and prejudice counts for much.

When a young man lets himself drift into a love-affair he is fearfully keen about the affair from an outsider's point of view; that is to say, he never loses sight of the possibility of lending himself to what may be ground for chaff on the part of his friends. He, therefore, looks upon a bald-headed father-in-law with apprehension; he pictures the old fellow rising to make a speech at the wedding breakfast, and all sorts of grotesque fancies possess his mind. He already hears the titters of those who laugh at everything, and he feels that the occasion will need more moral courage than he is able to muster.

That the admission is not a creditable one may be true enough, but it is there, all the same, and he begins to look about in other likely quarters for a girl who has a father who gives no cause whatever for muffled mirth.

Then, again, what becomes of a girl's dignity when she is walking with her bald-headed parent when there is a high wind blowing that carries away his hat and leaves him bare and furious on the pavement in the street? What if her intended bridegroom should come along and see her in such a plight? Is not the very thought of so stirring a situation enough to make clear the unenviable position of those who are the offspring of a bald father?

What about the time spent in church, too? Let the gentle reader put himself in the place of a girl occupying the seat next to her father on a hot August Sunday when the atmosphere is thick with mischievous flies. How can the people in the pew behind refrain from smiling as they look upon the flies tormenting the bald-headed one? How can the girl who is stately and solemn so conduct herself as not to let others see that she is conscious of her father's worries?

There is not room for two different opinions on the subject; a bald-headed father is indeed a source of much concern and trial to his grown-up daughters. The girls of the land will owe a tremendous debt of gratitude to the discoverer of a hair-restorative that cannot fail, and that does not require too many patient applications—for all bald-headed fathers are impatient persons.

When corkscrews, keys, and baby's comforters have served as wedding rings—see the October ROYAL.

OLD SCENES AGAIN.

Woman's Pathetic Experience.

LIVING at a typical farmhouse, "Old Mumford," Kingsnorth, Ashford, Mrs. Sarah Cook, the wife of a shepherd, William Cook, is heroine of a pathetic story in the annals of that rustic community. Mrs. Cook, a native of Somersetshire, came to live in Kent some sixteen years ago. She soon became so ill with indigestion that a doctor was called in, but the ailment remained chronic and incurable by all ordinary medicine and it was thought she would not recover, until Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people were tried.

There had first, however, been a sudden acute attack, and she had been told by a doctor in her native county, where she went for a change, that she had better go home at once, as she

Wanted to Die with her Husband.

The following are her own words: "About five years ago, the indigestion often came on so severely that I used to roll about the floor in agony. I was doubled up with pain. When I went upstairs I had to go a few steps at the time and rest between. I looked so bad that all the neighbours spoke about it.

"I felt my life was not worth living," continued Mrs. Cook, "but I said to my husband, 'I will try Dr. Williams' pink pills, and if they don't do me any good I must die.' He got me some and I found benefit before I had taken quite a box. I could begin to eat, and the pains gradually passed away. After a second box I could eat anything. That was three years ago and I have been going on well ever since. I have had no return of dyspepsia nor the wind spasms which I used to have round the heart.

"These pills have cured me, and I cannot speak too highly of them. See what they have done for me. For three years I never shook a bed, but now I can do anything; I could not walk round the table without holding to it for support, whereas I now think nothing of walking to Ashford and back—over five miles. Yes, I am a different woman."

Lack of power to digest and extract nourishment from food is the state of thousands, and the result is seen in haggard man and women embittered by perpetual gnawing pain. The stomach requires "tone," or strength, and the strength necessary is supplied by Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people, which enrich the blood in an unequalled manner. These pills have cured all disorders arising from impoverished blood, anæmia, rickets, scrofula, "decline," consumption, indigestion, palpitations, rheumatism, sciatica, St. Vitus' dance, paralysis, locomotor ataxy, neuralgia, and all disturbances of the nervous system. The price is two shillings and ninepence for one box, or for six boxes thirteen and nine, sent direct by the manufacturers, Dr. Williams' medicine company, Holborn Viaduct, London, or obtainable of medicine dealers. Intending purchasers are sometimes deceived into accepting substitutes offered by tradesmen bent on large profits, but the customers will find safety from deception by insisting on seeing the name in full, Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people, on the packet handed to them.

NEW POST OFFICE REGULATIONS.

What You May Not Do.

By a new issue of placards posted in every post office in the Kingdom, the public is warned not to spit, lest they spread Consumption. The infectiousness of Consumption is not fully recognised, and the education of the public on the danger of spitting only progresses slowly. Until this is known, all the King's efforts and all the King's doctors cannot stamp out the scourge. Consumptives must learn not to expectorate on the floor or pavement, for infection is dried up and becomes dust; as dust it is breathed, and enters a weak chest or a lung deficient in blood; a cough is caused, blood-spitting begins, and one more consumptive is started on the road whose end is Death. The one effectual way to protect weak chests is by improving the blood supply of the lungs. Consumption is practically draining of blood; it is a natural follower of anæmia. To prevent and cure Consumption fresh blood is of greatest importance; hence the enormous number of lives saved from Consumption by Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people. These pills have the splendid property of actually making new blood, not indirectly and by a roundabout process, but directly, in every dose. Hence they cure not only Consumption and anæmia but all disorders arising in the blood, such as rheumatism, scrofula, eczema, and other skin diseases, gout, wasting diseases, kidney complaint, indigestion, and bile. If, instead of wasting money and health on purgatives, people would take advantage of the strength Dr. Williams' pink pills contain, how many lives might be saved!

THREATENING A SALVATIONIST.

Mr. David Robertson, 99 Springburn Road, Glasgow, a most respectable, religious man, a member of the Salvation Army, says (and his statement was thoroughly verified) that his life has been on many occasions threatened, though not from violence. His doctor said, "Your lungs are done for." He was, in fact, a member of the Consumptive army! He thus described his symptoms and his cure by Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people:

"Two winters ago I caught a chill, and shortness of breath, a cough, and growing weakness showed that I was seriously ill. I rose in the morning as fatigued as at night. A pain, not at first severe, came into my chest. It grew worse and worse. Poultices did not stop the pain nor alleviate the cough, now constant. Worse still, there were streaks of blood in the phlegm, which increased so that I was constantly spitting blood. This rapidly reduced my weight and strength, and so weak did I become that I could scarcely stand. I thought myself doomed to the grave. The doctor said I was in a galloping consumption. However, I did not perish, for I had my attention drawn to wonderful cures which had been effected in consumptives by Dr. Williams' pink pills, and I procured some. I was astonished at the change for the better which had come over me before I had got through the second box. First, the pain in my chest left me, then the cough, and I can hardly describe how thankful I was when I found after two years' suffering and wasting away that I was fast gaining strength and putting on flesh. I continued taking the pills. My appetite returned; I could sleep well at night and awaken refreshed for work. I now mount the highest stairs, and never feel any ill-effects. There is no spitting of blood. I have gained a stone in weight."

Such enthusiasm is not difficult to understand when we remember that Mr. Robertson was literally snatched from death. His narrative is important to all whose vitality is low. Consumption threatens those who find themselves easily put out of health, all who ache and breathe painfully on running upstairs, whose lips and gums are pale, whose feet are cold, who are not so fat as they ought to be, who have soft, flabby muscles, sweat too much at night, and awake tired, headaching, bad tongued.

WHAT GIRLS PUT UP WITH.

Among the occupations which women seem better adapted to fill than men is that of typewriting, the nerve-straining monotony of the work having less effect on the feminine constitution. But even young women do not escape the ill effects, as is apparent from the statement made by a prepossessing young lady employed as typist at Redditch. Miss Maude Niblette, living at Holly House, Prospect Hill, Redditch, told the inquiring reporter:

"When I was sixteen (that was four years ago), I began to suffer from anæmia. Now, at twenty, I am a healthy girl, for which I thank Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people. Previously I had never been very strong, and the anæmia caused great exhaustion; I was unable to do even a little work, I was so weak. Going upstairs I was forced to rest halfway on account of shortness of breath. Then I had indigestion, and suffered acutely from pains between my shoulders and in the chest. My skin became yellow. I was attended by a doctor for some months, but I felt no better, I seemed to grow worse."

"And what led to your happy escape from this?" asked the reporter.

The reply was unhesitating: "To nothing else but Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people. I remained in that terribly weak state for several months, and then I heard that a friend of mine had been benefited by Dr. Williams' pink pills, and I determined to try them. I obtained a box, and although I found no very marked benefit at first, after taking a second box I began to feel better. My appetite improved, the indigestion disappeared, and after persevering with the pills I now feel better than I ever did. I do not think I should be alive now if I had not heard of Dr. Williams' pink pills."

Miss Niblette added that she had recommended Dr. Williams' pink pills to many friends, all of whom had derived great benefit. Mr. Niblette confirmed every word his daughter had uttered, and added that he took every opportunity of recommending Dr. Williams' pink pills, which possess the unique virtues of restoring strength to nervous systems "run down," and supplying new, rich blood to anæmic, exhausted young women.

WASHING AS A LUXURY.

"Fancy a man who for six years was unable to take a bath!" says the Nottingham Express, referring to a Mr. Scott, who, being debarred by eczema from the luxury of a bath for all that time, regards his cure by Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people as a veritable restoration to civilised life. "It is about a year ago," he said, "that I was thus cured of an acute form of eczema. All over my body and arms were pimples the size of a pea. I dared not take a proper bath. The disease was due to stagnation of the blood, through getting into a perspiration and then standing about until I caught a chill. The pimples, always worse when the winter set in, were somewhat better in summer. Sores formed and gradually spread over my breast and arms, and even to my ears. I couldn't sleep at night through the itching."

"And how long did this continue?"

"For over five years," was the astonishing reply. "I went to more than one doctor, and tried various patent medicines, but without result. I lost my appetite, and felt altogether run down. The sores appeared to be growing steadily worse, and in time my throat was affected by them.

"About a year ago I read of a case like my own being cured by Dr. Williams' pink pills. So I gave them a trial, and before I had got to the end of the first box I felt better in my general health. As I persevered with the pills the sores began to die away. Now I'm as well as ever I've been in my life, and can indulge in as much soap and water as I please."

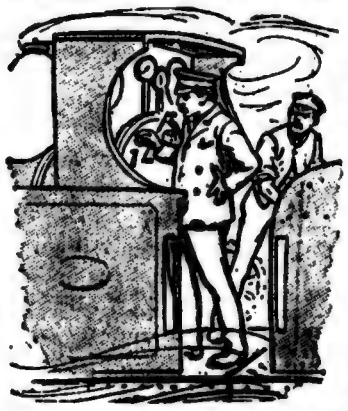
Few disorders are so annoying, or so difficult to cure by ordinary medicine, as those of the skin. Ointments and washes are of little use; new healthy blood alone can cast out skin disease, and Dr. Williams' pink pills are famed for their efficacy in eczema, pimples, chronic erysipelas, and scrofula. They are sold at all medicine shops, but it is important to avoid substitutes. Only genuine pills bear the name of Dr. Williams' medicine company, Holborn Viaduct, London, from whom they can also be obtained post free for two shillings and ninepence. Anæmia, consumption, rheumatism, kidney disease, St. Vitus' dance, and anything that specially afflicts women are causes they have cured, and they are a splendid tonic—not a purgative.

Mr. Scott, whose home is at 2 Kelk's Yard, Count Street, Hockley, Notts, found them the grandest tonic he had used in life. His case is an interesting one, and there are many other diseases that have been cured in the same way.

CAUSE OF RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

Are the Men Overworked?

Shorter hours for railway men mean safety for the travelling public. Disasters arise through not only long hours, but the heavy strain at holiday periods, when traffic is heaviest. A Mr. Edward Tinsley, formerly engine-driver of the Midland Railway, puts it thus in the Manchester Daily Dispatch: "A man has to be in the pink of condition to do any railway work safely." The speaker, now landlord of the Nelson Inn, Pickston Street, Harpurhey, Manchester, continued: "I've been at an engine's throttle for 300 miles at a stretch, so I know what the strain is. But I held my own until four or five years ago, when I had three severe attacks of influenza in succession, and I should have felt the weakness for the rest of my life had I not been put on my feet by Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people. The first attack completely prostrated me. I was literally broken up. Black spots were before my eyes. I was left also with a palpitation of the heart, and my limbs were so stiff, especially about the ankles, that I couldn't put my boots on. In short, I felt a wreck. What influenza leaves in its train is worse than the disease itself.



"I returned to work," he resumed, "after five weeks, but nothing was a pleasure. The following spring I had a return of the influenza with similar effects, and afterwards a third attack. I was just able to work, but the strain was terrible. Sometimes I was taken to be drunk, I walked so queerly.

"Doctors," he continued, "did everything in their power, but one day, after I had been rendered helpless a third time, I read in a paper about a man who had been cured by taking Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people. His was a similar case to mine, so I determined to try these pills. At the second box I noticed a distinct improvement. I first noticed the weakness becoming less, and soon I was gaining strength. The palpitation of the heart ceased, and my appetite improved. When six boxes were finished I was as strong and well as ever in my life."

"And was there no return of the malady?"

"No. Last spring I had no symptoms of it, and I feel so well now that I confidently look forward to escape again this spring."

Mr. Tinsley looked the picture of health; the robust health which Dr. Williams' pink pills give shows that those who use them are fortified against disease. The name of Dr. Williams on the package is a safeguard against substitutes, but the pills can be had by post if desired from Dr. Williams' medicine company, Holborn Viaduct, London; one box two and ninepence, six boxes thirteen and nine. As a tonic and a safeguard against infection; as a cure for anæmia, rheumatism, biliousness, kidney disorders, and all ills arising from impoverished blood and weakened nerves and spine, they can be recommended. They have cured rickets, scrofula, "decline," consumption, indigestion, palpitations, rheumatism, sciatica, St. Vitus' dance, paralysis, locomotor ataxy, neuralgia, and all disturbances of the nerves and male or female system.

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The Remedy is Free to All Who Send Name and Address.

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DR. JAMES WILLIAM KIDD.

startling announcement that he has surely discovered the elixir of life. That he is able with the aid of a mysterious compound, known only to himself, produced as a result of the years he has spent in searching for this precious life-giving boon, to cure any and every disease that is known to the human body. There is no doubt of the doctor's earnestness in making his claim, and the remarkable cures that he is daily effecting seem to bear him out very strongly. His theory which he advances is one of reason, and based on sound experience in a medical practice of many years. It costs nothing to try his remarkable "Elixir of Life," as he calls it, for he sends it free to anyone who is a sufferer, in sufficient quantities to convince of its ability to cure, so there is absolutely no risk to run. Some of the cures cited are very remarkable, and but for reliable witnesses would hardly be credited. The lame have thrown away crutches and walked about after two or three trials of the remedy. The sick, given up by home doctors, have been restored to their families and friends in perfect health. Rheumatism, neuralgia, stomach, heart, liver, kidney, blood and skin diseases, and bladder troubles disappear as by magic. Headaches, backaches, nervousness, fevers, consumption, coughs, colds, asthma, catarrh, bronchitis, and all affections of the throat, lungs, or any vital organs are easily overcome in a space of time that is simply marvellous.

Partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, dropsy, gout, scrofula and piles are quickly and permanently removed. It purifies the entire system, blood, and tissues, restores normal nerve power, circulation, and a state of perfect health is produced at once. To the doctor all systems are alike and equally affected by this great "Elixir of Life." Send for the remedy to-day. It is free to every sufferer. State what you want to be cured of and the sure remedy for it will be sent you free, by return mail.

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MEMO.

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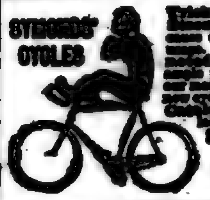

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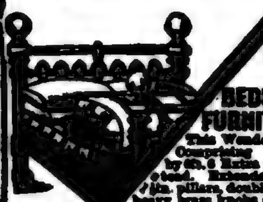

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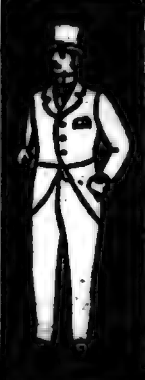

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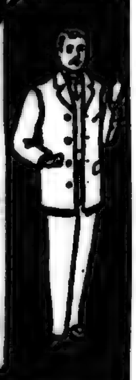

LOUNGE SUITS TO MEASURE FROM 22/6

COOKRIDGE St. LEEDS

"AS A MAN SOWS."

CHAPTER LX.

Of the Meeting between Grace and Jack Halward.

"And that is my case!" said Halward.

Sir Charles Lewisham, hawk-featured, keen-eyed, clean-shaven, stood by the mantelpiece, his hands clasped behind his back. He had listened intently, but without comment, to Halward's narrative.

"And the young woman and her child will be here shortly?" he questioned.

A telegram lay on the table at Halward's elbow.

"In about an hour's time."

"You have a strong case," said the famous solicitor; and such a statement from Sir Charles practically guaranteed success. "The first step will be to notify Lady Malyon or her legal representative of the claim about to be made."

"And the fire, and Grimwood, and that scoundrel Boote?" whispered Halward tensely.

"I shall personally interview the Director of Public Prosecutions. With regard to these matters absolute secrecy is at present essential. The ring on Gilbert Malyon's finger will play an important part in the claim. An order of exhumation will be necessary. Then we shall know how far your suspicions in the case of Grimwood are justified. In the case of the charge that you are prepared to make against Lady Malyon, largely on the evidence of Scarfield, there are many loopholes in the evidence against her at present, strongly circumstantial as it is. Matters will be laid before the Scotland Yard authorities, and the parties concerned both in the alleged conspiracy and the alleged murder, will be kept under very close surveillance. In the matter of the claim we shall act at once. In the other two matters I think it advisable to hold back for a time, at all events, though of course that will largely depend on the Director of Public Prosecutions. Till then, absolute secrecy. I will now see Scarfield."

The interview with Scarfield lasted for nearly an hour. Sir Charles' manner was brusque and matter-of-fact. He had displayed absolutely no surprise. He knew too much of the strangeness of life to do that.

"Strongly circumstantial," he said, Seth Scarfield having gone; "but there are loopholes, and Lady Malyon's position gives her a big advantage. If there was the slightest doubt she would receive the benefit of it. Of course, there is what you have told me about Monsieur Charbonel; but he is not at present, I take it, in a position to produce proof."

A knock on the door, and Scarfield entered.

"They've come!" he whispered, and glanced towards the bed; but Halward lay in a shadow.

In a room below were Liza, all curiosity and dressed in her Sunday best, Chickweed Joe, white-faced, and given to shiver at intervals, and Grace, with little Geoff, a frightened, piteous look on her white, veiled face.

"Sir Charles," said Halward, in a low voice, "you will be able to put matters much more clearly to Mrs. Marsh than I could; would you interview her first?"

"Certainly."

Downstairs a room had been put by Farmer Beech at the disposal of Mr. Halward's visitors. Sir Charles left, leaving Scarfield with Halward.

"Scarfield, you might go down, and ask Joe to come up!"

Presently Chickweed Joe shuffled into the room.

"Colonel," he whispered unsteadily, "I've carried out yer instructions ter the best o' my ability. I 'opes as 'ow all's goin' ter go well now, Colonel!"

He flicked his fingers nervously, and shivered.

"Bart went down the river agen, last night. There was a nasty fog on. I lost 'im, and my own bearin's; but I managed at last ter make Blacker's wharf; but there weren't no signs of 'im. And 'e 'adn't come back ter Pinchbeck Lane, fust thing this mornin'. It was the sort o' night that a cove might have easy come ter grief."

Then he abruptly changed the subject.

"I was too late, last night, ter see Meg; they wouldn't let us, this mornin'; but she's goin' on finer than ever. Liza's 'usband 'as stayed be'ind, so she'll be 'avin' company this arternoon. 'Ow's yer own feelin's, Colonel?"

Joe peered down into his face; but the light was bad. The blind was up, but one of the curtains was drawn half-way across the window.

"All right!" was the abrupt, laconic answer.

Chickweed Joe sat down beside the bed. He had not stirred, had scarcely spoken when, more than an hour later, Sir Charles Lewisham returned to the room. Joe rose up, brought a finger sharply to his forehead, and shuffled out of the room.

"Well?" asked Halward abruptly.

"I have explained everything. Of course it was exceedingly painful; though the keen edge of the shock had already been taken off. I have explained what has been arranged for her immediate future and safety, though I consider that all danger of personal violence is past now."

The famous solicitor stroked his smooth chin.

"And now you would like to see her?"

There was a brief interval before the answer came.

"Yes!"

"And then," continued Sir Charles, "I propose to escort Mrs. Marsh—as we will call her for the present—to London, where I will arrange for her well-being, and see that she is well taken care of. You need have no further anxiety on her behalf, Mr. Halward."

Some further conversation of a business nature; then Sir Charles Lewisham passed downstairs to where Grace, Liza and Chickweed Joe keeping her company, was waiting.

Grace had seen Halward, but he had not seen her, since their parting at Victoria Station, more than two years ago.

Halward lay in a shadow. The faint sounds of footsteps on the stairs reached him. His breathing quickened. Perhaps—he told himself—it was weak of him to see her. Sir Charles had said he would do all that was necessary. Yet, had he expressed no wish to see her, she might have misjudged him, taken it as a sign that he had not forgiven her, counted him merciless. And, rightly or wrongly, it was too late now. The door was opening. A hand seemed to be gripping at his heart. A choking lump rose into his throat.

It was true what he had babbled in his delirium at Vilneux. He might have buried his love; but it was not dead!

He turned his head. She stood upon the threshold.

"Grace!"

So low was his voice that the name was scarcely audible. He stretched out a bandaged hand.

A catchy sob that was almost a cry, a swift movement, and she was beside the bed, his hand in hers, gazing down into his plain, strong face—but only for a moment!

With a cry that embodied grief and remorse and a pleading for forgiveness, she sank on to her knees and buried her face on the bed.

The stillness was only broken by the woman's sobs, the man's quick, uneven breathing. She still held his hand within her own. She knew all now. He had returned good for evil—and heaped coals of fire upon her head. He had solved the mystery of her life. To him and to the woman away in a London hospital she owed everything.

Her quivering fingers tightened on the hand she held. The man whom she had preferred to him had died in his arms, intrusting her and her child to his care. This, and a hundred other thoughts, crowded through her brain. The past unfolded itself before her like a swiftly-moving panorama.

And the man who lay silent in the shadow? The strain upon his heart was well-nigh unbearable. It had been easy to fashion words beforehand; but the tongue was fettered now. The grip of the seeming hand was tightening on his heart. He was realising, as he had never realised before, how much he loved her. Past his mental vision, too, pictures were crowding; but of the future, not of the past! Her child's claim, and her own, would be won, he told himself. She would be suddenly thrust into a new world. And he could picture the loneliness of her life, society turning a cold shoulder on one whom it would count an upstart, a nobody! And then he thought of the other woman, and his conscience stabbed him like a knife!

"Jack! Let me hear you say that—that you have forgiven me!"

The silence was broken at last.

"Little girl," he whispered hoarsely, "if there was anything to forgive, it was long ago forgiven. Didn't you get the letter I wrote to you after—after I came back from America?"

"No!"

His lips parted; then closed up tightly without giving utterance to a word. The man was dead! Why revile him?

Grace's face was still hidden. She, too, had realised that her husband must have kept the letter from her.

"But, Grace," he went on, "we are not going to talk over that part of the past now. Come, come, little girl, you mustn't give way like this!"

"Jack," she sobbed, "what can I say? How can—I ever thank you?"

"By saying nothing!" he answered gently.

"You—you have returned good for evil!"

"Grace, I won't have you talk like this!"

It was a command, abruptly, yet not roughly spoken.

"But you have!" she sobbed. "You have! Oh, Jack, Jack! If we could only have the past over again!"

The words had come straight from her overflowing heart. Only after they had been spoken, did she realise what she had said.

"What am I saying?" she whispered desperately.

The man lay in a shadow.

"I don't know what I'm saying. It's all so strange, so unreal, so like a dream!"

In the long silence that followed she told herself that she had betrayed her feelings to the man whose love belonged to another now, and she reproached herself bitterly. It savoured almost of treachery to Margaret.

"Jack," she faltered, "I was with Margaret Holt yesterday!"

"Yes. Joe told me. I thought you must know her."

"Do—do you know how much, how much I—I owe her?"

"No," he whispered sharply, "tell me!"

Then, her face still hidden, Grace choked out all that had befallen her after she had left Vilneux in company with Bart Boote, how Flash Meg had befriended her, how she had discovered that danger threatened little Geoff, how she had helped her with money, and had smuggled her away to Wallen Green, how she had nursed her when she was ill, watching over her and her child.

And Halward, listening, had recalled, and understood now, the meaning of Flash Meg's words: "There's somebody that's ill who's waiting for me!" He understood now why she had stolen—and for whom!

"And if she did wrong," choked out Grace inconsequently, "she did it—to—get money to help me. I only knew this yesterday. And she—she told me about you, Jack!" The words were scarcely audible, but she continued bravely, "and I pray God that you will both be happy, and something tells me that—that you will be! And when—when little Geoff grows older and understands things, I'm going—going to teach him to whisper your name and hers in his prayers, the names of—of the noblest man and noblest woman I—I ever knew!"

The only sound that came from the man lying in the shadow was that of quick, uneven breathing.

"And you will be happy, both of you, and I shall be happy in the knowledge of your happiness!"

The words were spoken more steadily. She seemed to have regained herself-control. After that, she was silent for a few moments, whispering a quick prayer, then she rose up quietly from her knees. For a moment the sunlight played upon her face; but she moved quickly into the shadow and sat down. Then she spoke of the Tuckers and their kindness.

"There's one thing," said Halward, speaking at last, "that Margaret hasn't told you. She saved my life. The stab was meant for me!"

"Ah!" whispered Grace, catching her breath sharply; then, after a pause, "but it was like her not to tell me. And I—I, Jack, have been the cause of all this misery!"

She was sobbing again piteously.

"No, Grace, no! God knows I don't want to speak against the dead. You have been sinned against. The one who sinned against you most is dead; but the others, by Heaven, they shall pay, and pay heavily!"

But one sinner had already paid for his sins with his life.

"There must be none of this self-reproach, Grace. To—to ponder over the past is profitless. Thank God you have come through it as you have done! Come, little girl, be brave! The worst is over. Your rights will be proved. You will have many responsibilities put upon you; but you will prove equal to them, you will bear them all the more easily because they are for your boy's sake! Sir Charles Lewisham has made all the necessary arrangements for the immediate future. I shall be up in a few days now. I'm going to see this thing through!

"And if I order you about, Grace," a shadowy smile played across his face, "you mustn't mind. It's a way I have got into, and I shall be doing it all for the best. And your little boy? He's a splendid fellow?"

"Ye-es!"

There was a moment's pause.

"I should like to see the little man, Grace!"

She passed from the room without speaking. Presently sounds—unmistakable baby sounds—penetrated it, and, a few moments later, Halward, looking out from the shadow about him, saw Grace standing at the foot of the bed, little Geoff in her arms, his rosy, baby face, pressed close to hers.

"You may well be proud of him, Grace!" he said.

"Yes," she whispered; "he is beautiful, isn't he?"

Someone was ascending the stairs. There was a knock or the door.

"Parding me, won't yer?" said Chickweed Joe, outside, "but the keb 'as come fur Sir Chawles, and there ain't none too much time if the train is goin' ter be caught!"

"You must go, Grace!"

Chickweed Joe was shuffling down the stairs.

Halward stretched out his hand. Grace passed into the shadow.

"Good-bye for the present. God bless you and that little man of yours, Grace!"

CHAPTER LXI.

A Last Hope!

A great hush was over Malyon Hall. The servants went about their duties on tiptoe.

In the darkened library, Reuben Grimwood sat at the dead man's bureau, in the dead man's chair, a crouching, lean figure, a thin hand playing restlessly round his mouth. News travelled fast at Rushford, and it had reached the Hall that a famous lawyer, Sir Charles Lewisham, had visited Mr. Halward at Beech's farm that day, and a young woman, and with her a child.

How had Bartholomew fared on the previous night? That he might have succeeded was Reuben Grimwood's last desperate hope; but it was very desperate, very forlorn! And what if—he rose to his feet, and paced to and fro the darkened room. Was his own position quite so secure as he had fancied it? A sudden nervousness had seized upon him. When the case came to be fought out in the courts, what if an order of exhumation were demanded?

Yet, even if that were so, what could be proved against him? He tried to reason with himself that there would be no proof, no tangible proof, even if the worst came to the worst; but the restless movement of his fingers told that the nervousness that had seized upon him was growing. There was the screw-driver. Someone must have found it. Yet that, in itself, could prove nothing against him personally, unless—unless he had been seen, that early morning. But who could have seen him? He drew his hand across his forehead, and wiped away the perspiration that was beading there. Pah! He was not himself that evening. Who was likely to have been in the churchyard at that hour?

"Come in!"

Someone had knocked. Miles entered. Without speaking, he lit up the great room, and laid the evening papers on a table; then passed out.

Grimwood picked up a paper, and mechanically opened it out. His thoughts were elsewhere as his eyes wandered down the columns; but suddenly they came to a standstill. They caught sight of the words "Blacker's wharf." He drew in his breath hissingly.

"Early this morning," ran the paragraph, "the body of a man was discovered among the piles of Blacker's wharf. The features were greatly disfigured; but certain papers that a cigar-case had kept more or less intact point to the fact that it is the body of a Mr. Geoffrey Marsh. One of the papers was a copy of a certificate of marriage between Geoffrey Marsh and Grace Deane, dated September 16th, 1900. The deceased man was wearing a gold ring on the little finger of his left hand, a trick ring, the two hands that take the place of a seal pulling apart. Engraved on two hearts beneath are the names 'Grace' and 'Geoffrey' and 'Married. Sept. 16, 1900.' The body is now lying at the Stonehouse Mortuary."

Bartholomew had succeeded!

Reuben Grimwood straightened up, and seemed to have become a younger man. All was not yet lost!

He folded up the paper, and thrust it into his pocket. If Bartholomew had done his work properly, it would be hard to prove that the dead man was not Geoffrey Marsh!

He passed out of the library, and made his way up the broad oak stairs. The silence was oppressive. There was something ghoulish about the stooping figure that moved through the dimly lighted corridors to where Lady Malyon's private apartments were situated.

Reuben Grimwood tapped lightly on the door of her ladyship's boudoir. From within came the rustling of silk; then the door was opened. She looked like a beautiful white ghost, the woman who stood on the threshold. Without speaking, she led the way back into her room.

Without speaking, Grimwood drew the paper from his pocket, opened it out, and pointed to a paragraph.

Twice the woman with red-gold hair read it through; then the paper fell from her hand. Her eyes were flaming now. Her bosom heaved tumultuously. With a low, intense, horrible cry, she turned, and, twining her arms round the man's neck, drew him to her—kissed him!

And he, with a hungry, whispering cry, locked his arms about her, in frenzied ecstasy!

(To be continued.)

Don't miss the article on Dreams in the October ROYAL.

Isobel will be glad to answer questions of general interest upon household matters so far as space permits. A pretty pencil-case will be given to each reader whose inquiry is dealt with on this page. Envelopes should be marked Home Notes Page.

To Take Away the Smell of Paraffin. Set the garments in the air daily till all the paraffin has evaporated and the smell disappeared. (*Reply to* R. E. H.)

Inkstains on Linen should be removed with salts of lemon in the ordinary way, directions being supplied with each packet bought of a chemist. (*Repy to* Gateshead.)

When Making Beef Tea never add th salt till the meat has been cooking for several hours. Salt acts upon the fibre, and prevents it giving out all its nourishing properties.

Silver in Daily Use may be kept very bright if allowed to soak in strong borax water for four or five hours occasionally. The water should be perfectly boiling when it is poured over the plate. This simple hint will save much elbow grease, and also plate powder, if carefully followed.

Damson Jelly or Cheese should be made as follows: Boil the fruit in a sufficient quantity of water to cover it; strain the pulp through a very coarse sieve; to each pound add four ounces of sugar. Boil till it begins to candy on the sides, stirring meanwhile, of course; then pour it into small moulds. (*Reply to* Whewell.)

To Polish Bullocks' Horns. First scrape the horns with glass to take off any roughness; then get some finely powdered pumice stone, dip a damp cloth into it, and with this rub the horns till a smooth face is obtained. Afterwards polish with linseed oil and rotten stone, and the more the horns are rubbed the better will be the polish. Finish rubbing with dry flour and a clean piece of rag. (*Reply to* Horn.)

To Make Pikelets. Warm a quart of milk and dissolve in it an ounce and a half of yeast; add a good pinch of salt and sufficient flour to make a light batter. Set to rise in a warm place for a quarter of an hour, and then add a teacupful of melted butter. Place some iron rings on a hot plate, pour the mixture into them, and bake gently on both sides. To serve, toast on both sides, butter, and serve hot. (*Reply to* Maguire.)

Blackberry Wine. This recipe was sent me by a correspondent who has found it excellent: To every fourteen pounds of blackberries add one quart of boiling water, and wash all together in a crock or earthenware pan. Let it stand for forty-eight hours, then strain through a fine sieve, and then through a muslin bag. Bring the liquid to the boil, and when cool add one pound of sugar to each quart of the liquid. Keep in a cool place for three months until fermentation ceases, then put in bottles and cork. (*Reply to* Sinclair.)

Have you Ever Tried to Make a girl's nightdress? You will see a paper pattern of one in that useful little periodical, Home Notes, dated September 25th, price 1d. It is designed for a girl from twelve to fourteen years of age, and, if carried out according to the directions given in Home Notes concerning it, it will make a very useful and more satisfactory and less expensive sleeping garment than a bought ready-made one. A set of nightdresses should last at least three years if made a full size to begin with; that is to say, broad across the shoulders, the armholes quite two inches larger than the actual size of the little wearer, and with a deep hem for letting down, for which four inches is not at all too much to allow.

A Substitute for Caper Sauce is made by boiling some sprigs of parsley slowly, to let it become a bad colour; do not chop it finely. Set it in melted butter, season with salt, and a dessertspoonful of vinegar. Boil up and serve.

Avoid Filling Kettles in the morning with the first water that comes from the tap, for it has been in a lead or iron pipe all night, and is, therefore, unwholesome. This caution is to be remembered if the water is to be boiled or not.

To Dry Apples. Select fine apples of good quality free from blemishes, and place them in a very slow oven for several hours, take them out occasionally, rub, and press flat. Continue until all moisture is absorbed. If they look dry too soon on the outside rub over each with a little clarified sugar. (*Reply to* Oakley.)

Leaves and Flowers can be preserved for several months by dipping them as soon as gathered in perfectly limpid gum water. After allowing them to drain for two or three minutes, arrange them in a vase, and the gum forms a complete coating on the stems and petals, and preserves their shape and colour long after they have become dry. (*Reply to* Hallworth.)

Sloe Gin should be made directly the sloes are a good colour, for a gale will destroy the crop in a few hours. Fill a wine bottle half full of ripe sloes, add two sticks of crushed barley sugar, and then fill up the bottle with gin. At the end of the year, or after four months, strain the gin into another bottle and it will be ready for use, but greatly improves with age. (*Reply to* Angel.)

Treat Buckskin thus: Remove grease stains by rubbing with magnesia or cream of tartar, and then use this preparation, which has been recommended to me: Take half a pound of prepared chalk, three cakes of pipeclay, half an ounce of isinglass, one ounce of powdered pumice stone, one tablespoonful of starch, six tablespoonfuls of sweet oil, two ounces of white soap. Mix well in boiling water, and then add half an ounce of acid and half a pound of prepared alum. (*Reply to* F. K.)

There are Many Ways of cooking plums, and different people like them done in different ways. It is no good spoiling anything when by asking someone to help you, you could avert failure. It is more than possible that you could make a success of your life by consulting someone when you are in difficulty. If such a time comes you cannot do better than send a specimen of your handwriting, together with six penny stamps and a stamped, addressed envelope, to Ranee, 32 Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

To Cure Hams. These quantities are sufficient for curing two hams: Two pounds of salt, one cake of prunella, two ounces of saltpetre, one ounce of bay salt, one ounce and a half of juniper berries, one pound of treacle, a pint and a half of beer. Boil together and when nearly cold pour over the hams. The berries must be bruised and the other ingredients pounded before they are boiled. Rub the ham over with salt the day it is cut. Drain off and rub in the pickle the next day. Turn the hams and rub in the pickle every day for eighteen to twenty-one days according to the size of the hams. Then drain, wipe dry and have smoked. (*Reply to* J. R. Noble.)

Coronation Onion Sauce. This recipe is sent by a correspondent who says it is superior to any she knows: Take one pint of milk and set in a sauce-pan with five good-sized onions (peeled). Boil until the onions are tender, then take them out and chop finely. Make a dessertspoonful of cornflour into a paste with a little cold milk, add a pinch of salt, some white pepper, and work in half an ounce of butter. Stir this mixture into the hot milk, add the chopped onion, return all to the sauce-pan, and bring to the boil. Stir while the sauce simmers for ten minutes. Making sauce in this way keeps the flavour of the onion entirely. (*Thanks to* Mrs. A. W.)

Parsnip Wine. Boil four pounds of parsnips till tender in each gallon of water. If more convenient the parsnips can be boiled in less water and boiling water added to make up the quantity. Strain the liquor through a coarse cloth and be careful not to bruise the vegetable. Add three pounds of sugar to every gallon of liquor. Then boil it again for forty-five minutes. When the liquor has cooled to seventy-five degrees put a little yeast into it, let it stand for about six days in a warm place, stirring it every day from the bottom. Pour the liquor into a cask, and as it works over keep filling it up with some of the reserved liquor. When the wine has ceased fermenting bung it up tightly, and at the end of the year bottle it. (*Reply to* Blackburn.)

Isobel

HOLIDAYS FOR 1902.		1902. JUNE.	JULY.	AUGUST.	SEPTEMBER.	OCTOBER.	NOVEMBER.
Good Friday	*March 28.*	M 2 9 16 23 30	M 7 14 21 28	M 4 11 18 25	M 1 8 15 22 29	M 6 13 20 27	M 3 10 17 24
Easter Monday	*March 31.*	T 3 10 17 24	T 1 8 15 22 29	T 5 12 19 26	T 2 9 16 23 30	T 7 14 21 28	T 4 11 18 25
Whitsun Monday	*May 19.*	W 4 11 18 25	W 2 9 16 23 30	W 6 13 20 27	W 3 10 17 24	W 1 8 15 22 29	W 5 12 19 26
Bank Holiday	*August 4.*	T 5 12 19 26	T 3 10 17 24 31	T 7 14 21 28	T 4 11 18 25	T 2 9 16 23 30	T 6 13 20 27
Coronation Day	*August 9.*	F 6 13 20 27	F 4 11 18 25	F 1 8 15 22 29	F 5 12 19 26	F 3 10 17 24 31	F 7 14 21 28
Christmas Day	*December 25.*	S 7 14 21 28	S 5 12 19 26	S 2 9 16 23 30	S 6 13 20 27	S 4 11 18 25	S 1 8 15 22 29
Boxing Day	*December 26.*						

OUGHT WIVES TO SUPPORT THE HOME?

It Doesn't Pay when they Increase the Family Income.

Women now take their places by the side of men, doing the same work, and, in a constantly-increasing number of instances, earning equal money for their labours. They have proved their equality in numerous spheres of action; they are gradually winning recognition in fresh fields, and receive as a right many of the advantages once accorded as a concession to weakness, or as an act of chivalry. The old traditions have been beaten down. Now, having claimed and gained the advantages, why should they not bear the responsibilities?

It is not an unnatural question when asked by the millions of men whose yearly income is, say, under £200. Among the higher classes, where £100 more or less is not a matter of grave importance, the question does not arise, but with those included in the category just mentioned, the maintenance of the home under modern conditions is a stern problem.

The man who earns £1 welcomes an extra 1s., whether as a tip or in payment of overtime; and, although the man who receives £4 a week requires more than four times 1s. to make him correspondingly pleased, yet he by no means despises an additional sovereign now and then, and is prepared to do extra work to gain it. In short, each welcomes an addition to the income, for each feels the need of it.

Why, therefore, should not the wife assist? She considers herself the equal of her husband, and, in her maiden days, she has probably demonstrated her ability as a wage-earner on a scale not far removed from his. When she is married, she is provided with a servant to do most of the work, and so has a much easier time than he does; or, if the position will not admit of a servant, the home is smaller and requires less work, and here again the wife has the best of it. Why should she allow her proved ability to run to waste?

There is an old saying that a man cannot make a home, but he can quickly spoil one.

Woman is a home maker; you instal her in the house as the one whose duty it is to make it a comfortable, happy home. If you expect her to seek employment in an office, or elsewhere away from home, for the purpose of increasing the income, you will run the gravest risk of having no home. The servant will not do for the house what the wife does, and you will, in all probability, find that the increased income is more than counterbalanced by decreased comfort. Your wife will not be so disposed to pay little attentions; she has been out herself and wants comfort and attention for herself and wants them more than you. You had better live just a little more plainly and have your wife at home to see after you.

If the wife works at home, the danger of which we have just spoken is not so great, but she cannot do the two things really well unless she be exceptionally fortunate in having paragons of servants who take all the household cares off her mind. And if she be so fortunate as to be able to maintain servants to do all, then she ought not to need to work for the support of the home. Whether she be a dressmaker or an authoress, she will be constantly harassed by the effort to keep both household work and trade or profession in full swing; she will become old and irritable while yet young, and your increased income will be a costly acquisition, after all.

Let your wife devote herself to the making of home, while you are providing the wherewithal to maintain it. If your partner has an occasional easy time, do you grudge it, provided that she makes you comfortable, or were the protestations of your courtship days all humbug? You may take it for granted that she does not have such an entirely rosy time; and even as a commercial transaction you have nothing to complain of, if she does her duty to you.

From an absolutely practical standpoint you will not gain so much as you suppose by having a wife who earns a little by her pen or needle. Servants do not know your means so well as you do; they run away with the notion that you are much better off than you are, because you are both earning; and they are not, in the ordinary course of things, so careful as your wife.

We once visited a man of moderate means at the moment he was writing out a form of will, bequeathing a few hundreds entirely to his better half. "I hold that a man in my position, a man who has put a little money on one side by saving, and not through inheritance, ought to regard his wife as joint proprietor," he said gravely. "By the careful management of my wife I have been enabled to save that money!"

There is another point on which we may touch. Is it fair to others that the two—man and wife—should be filling situations? If it is absolutely necessary in order to make a living for the family, as in the case of some of our industrial districts, where wages are wretchedly small, or work not always to be had, there is reason in both being wage earners; but where such conditions do not prevail is it fair to the community? Life is a hard struggle, and it will be well to bring the fact before those men who are thinking that their partners should help to support the home. Where there is no absolute need for the support, the women should devote themselves to the home, and their husbands will be gainers rather than losers thereby.

THE MYSTERIES OF THE EAR.

Of all the organs by means of which man communicates with the outside world, it would seem, *à priori*, that the ear is the least exposed to danger. But this is a mere illusion. No organ is so delicate, so susceptible to irritation, as the ear; none is to a like degree so subject to injuries, disorders, diseases, and ailments of all kinds.

THE THREE EARS.

To be convinced of this we have only to examine even superficially, the anatomy of the ear, and note the facts. The ear does not consist exclusively, as the man in the street thinks, of those cartilaginous shells affixed like a pair of handles on both sides of the head. This double pavilion is but little else than an ornament, or, as the French say, "une bagatelle de la porte," or, at most, a kind of resonator intended for collecting, guiding, and amplifying sounds. The ear, properly so-called, that is, the seat of the actual mechanism of hearing, of which the outer ear is, so to speak, only the ante-room, or the sign-post, is concealed farther back in the thickness of the bones of the skull.

Let us follow, in thought, this auditory canal, this winding passage, the orifice of which has been adapted by Nature to the size of the end of one's little finger. After a journey of a little over an inch inward, with a few slight turns, we shall meet with a fibrous membrane, closing up the passage, in which it is encased like a watch-glass. This is the tympanic membrane, or drum-head. Behind this membrane is a small cavity called the drum of the ear. We have now reached the middle ear, which is of considerable importance. In this tympanic cavity are four openings, one freely open, the Eustachian tube, a rectilinear, funnel-shaped canal, opening into the back part of the throat, and thus connecting the ear with the nasal cavities. The three others, the tympanic opening, the fenestra rotunda, and the fenestra ovalis, are closed by vibrating membranes, similar to the skin stretched over the head of a drum.

This is not all. Across the tympanic cavity stretches a chain of four small bones called ossicles, bound together by ligaments, and each bearing a particular name, according to its shape. They are: The Malleus, or hammer, which is united to the tympanic membrane; the Incus, or anvil, united to the hammer; the lenticular bone, united to the anvil; and, lastly, the stapes, or stirrup, united on one side to the lenticular bone, while its base rests on the membrane of the fenestra ovalis.

It is behind and on the internal side of the last-named membrane that we find coiled up the labyrinth, or internal ear, the real sanctuary of auditory phenomena—an inextricable tangle of canals, ampullæ, aqueducts—where circulate special fluids in which are spread out in the form of a bouquet the ultimate terminal filaments of the nerve whose province it is to carry the acoustic vibrations to the brain.

AN INACCESSIBLE ORGAN.

We thus see that the ear is in reality an exceedingly complicated organ—a scientific instrument, serving, by means of the endless vibrations of its delicate structure, to convey sounds to the brain. We also see that it is hidden in the very heart of the skull, where the wall of bone is thickest and offers most resistance.

One opening alone enables us, indeed, to penetrate, not to the internal ear, which is fated to remain closed for ever, but to the middle ear. This is the passage through the Eustachian tube which leads into it from the throat. For a long time Aurists persisted in trying to pass their instruments and medicaments through this tube. Experience has shown, however, that nothing was more absurd and dangerous. It is undoubtedly through the Eustachian tube that almost all the morbid causes are introduced which produce injuries and affections of the hearing—colds, irritating particles of dust, noxious germs from the mouth, pharynx, larynx, and nose. On the other hand, nothing beneficial can pass through it: one might say it is a way reserved for what is hurtful, for injurious influences, and disturbing forces. Vainly do we try to blow into the diseased organ, through this natural funnel, suitable remedies in the form of fumigations and vaporised specifics. Neither liquids nor gases injected in this way reach their goal. Their action is purely superficial and therefore illusory. In any case, through the very force of circumstances, they can never reach the internal ear, the arsenal of the sense of hearing, which, barricaded behind impermeable membranes and impenetrable bones, is as inaccessible as the brain itself, with which it forms, so to speak, one body. Then we have also to take into account the fact that the use of probes, syringes, air pumps, and other more or less brutal instruments in a dark passage, access to which is not easy, must be attended with grave inconvenience and serious risks.

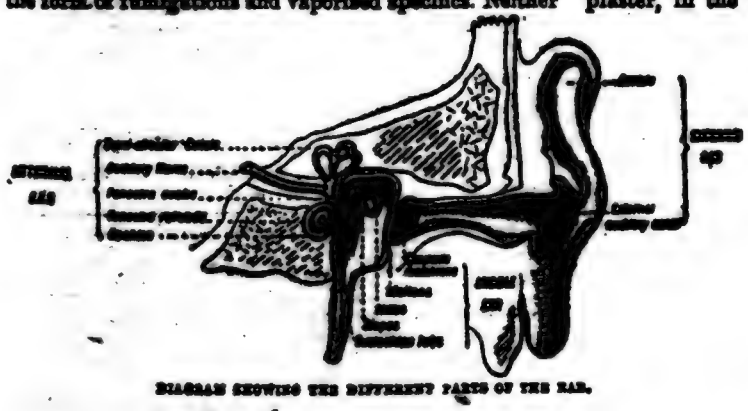

DIAGRAM SHOWING THE DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE EAR.

ROUTINE VERSUS PROGRESS.

It is, therefore, somewhat difficult to explain why many doctors still persist in using a method which is proved to be ineffectual. It is so much less easily explained because there is another method, undeniably superior, free from all danger, which no longer requires proof of its efficacy, abundant evidence being given by the thousands and thousands of cures that have been made. We mean the collective procedures which constitute the celebrated treatment of deafness known under the name of its inventor, a modest French physician, now deceased, Dr. Drouet, of the Paris Faculty of Medicine. For it was in 1888, fourteen years ago, that Dr. Drouet formulated

THE ORDINARY METHOD OF TREATING DEAFNESS BY MEANS OF THE CATHETER INSERTED THROUGH THE NOSE INTO THE EUSTACHIAN TUBE.

this specific treatment of deafness and of diseases of the ear, and its success, definitely consecrated by experience, has never since ceased to increase in all the countries of the world. Indeed, the constantly increasing number of deaf people seeking restoration of hearing by the new treatment long ago demanded the establishment of three great Institutions, one in Brussels, one in Paris, and one, the largest of all, in London, at 72 Regent's Park Road, Primrose Hill, N.W.

HOW THE LOCKS OF THE BEST CLOSED DOORS MAY BE PICKED

Dr. Drouet started with the principle that it was useless to think of curing or relieving a diseased ear as long as it was impossible for the active remedies to reach the innermost recesses of that organ. He recalled the fact that all living tissues, even those which, like the bony tissues, appear most impenetrable, were nevertheless susceptible of being impregnated more or less quickly by certain peculiarly subtle and penetrating substances which, once brought into contact with them, at length, by the osmotic process of gradual absorption, permeate their whole mass and find their way into every corner. The proof of this lies in the fact that it is perfectly possible to poison oneself by wearing gloves or shoes coated with toxic substances, such, for example, as certain aniline dyes. That guaiacol for tuberculosis and salicylate of methyl for rheumatism are now often applied as unctions, frictions, and embrocations is a further proof of the same thing. Here was the problem nearly solved. If certain toxic substances applied directly to the skin could penetrate the epidermis and the dermis, the muscular tissue, and even the bones, and thence reach the circulatory system, and afterwards, when mixed with the blood, become diffused throughout the whole body, the same ought naturally to be the case with some medicinal substances. From that moment it became possible for the physician to force an entrance to the ear and reach its most secret recesses.

DR. DROUET'S ANTI-CATARRHAL PAPIER.

Dr. Drouet therefore conceived the idea of a form of plaster to which he gave the name of the Drouet Anti-catarrhal Papier. This plaster, in the shape of a crescent, is placed on the mastoid apophysis, that is, immediately behind the lobe of the ear, on the bony protuberance or swelling which covers and protects the mechanism of hearing. The active medicaments which are contained in its composition are rapidly absorbed by the epidermis and by the under-lying tissues, to be thence conveyed by the network of capillaries and lymphatic vessels into every part of the hearing apparatus, which thus becomes completely saturated. In this way, without using force or injuring any part of the organ of hearing, the specific remedy arrives unerringly at its destination, and the ear, which seemed an unattackable citadel, becomes as accessible as the nose, the throat, the lungs, the stomach, or the kidneys. Having, in this way, permeated all the essential structures of the organ of hearing, the medicament is able to exert its curative effect, transforming the diseased condition into a healthy state by acting counter to congestion and inflammation, by producing resolution of fibrous

THE DROUET METHOD—THE ANTI-CATARRHAL PAPIER APPLIED BEHIND THE EAR DURING SLEEPING HOURS.

deposits, by drying up the catarrhal flow which generally characterises affections of mucous membranes, and by neutralising disease-producing microbes or germs. It is by attacking in this way the very seat of the disease changes that the cure of the ailment and the restoration of the hearing are effected.

Let us hasten to add that, although the local application of the anti-catarrhal papier is the fundamental basis of Dr. Drouet's treatment, it is only the basis. This treatment is not limited to that alone, for it admits of a number of other procedures, varying according to circumstances, of which the doctors applying it must be the best judges.

DIFFERENT WAYS OF BECOMING DEAF.

It is rare, indeed, that deafness is the result of a purely local affection of the ear. Often, very often, indeed, it is merely the extension of an inflammation of the throat or of the nasal cavities. Three-fourths of the cases of deafness have no other origin, and when a doctor finds himself in presence of a deaf person, it is not in the ears that he must first look, but in the throat and nose. It follows that when treating the ear we must treat at the same time the two other organs. There is also the absolute necessity in frequent cases of applying antiseptic methods to the ear, because of a suppurative condition accompanied by discharge. In other cases deafness arises from diathesis, viz.: from constitutional predisposition, whether hereditary or acquired, from rheumatism, for instance, from gout, from tuberculosis, or from other special affections, of which it is only a symptom, one manifestion among a score of others. Hence the necessity, while treating the local infirmity, of looking to the general condition, of waging war against the morbid principle, against the initial pathological influence.

AND THE DEAF SHALL HEAR.

The work undertaken by Dr. Drouet in deafness and diseases of the ear also led to the establishment of a JOURNAL FOR THE DEAF, which is published by the Drouet Institute quarterly. This publication contains a very full description of the Drouet Method, with examples of its application in a series of cases from which the reader can select one similar to his own for the purpose of comparison.

To obtain a free copy of the latest JOURNAL and SUPPLEMENT it is only necessary to address the Secretary of the Drouet Institute, 72 Regent's Park Road, Primrose Hill, N.W.

FREE ADVICE BY CORRESPONDENCE.

A special feature of the Drouet Method is that patients who cannot come to London to be personally examined are enabled to receive advice and all instructions for carrying on the treatment at home by filling up a Pathological Report Form. This form may be had free of charge by addressing a request to the Secretary of the Drouet Institute to have it enclosed with the JOURNAL FOR THE DEAF. In fact, the majority of the patients applying to the Institute have treatment conducted by correspondence. Any advice by correspondence is free, as are also the consultations given by means of the Report Form.

It is, however, always advisable, when possible, to be personally examined at the Drouet Institute, where consultations are held daily, except Sunday, from two to four in the afternoon. Special consultations may also be had at any time by previous arrangement. For all personal consultation a fee is charged.

No Salt Required.

A pencil-case will be awarded to each person whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

On the first page of this number our new serial story opens. Before reading anything else in the paper, peruse this first instalment, whether you are a serial story reader or not.

READERS will probably remember an article, entitled "Celebrities in Love with Places," which appeared in our issue dated September 4th. In this article it was stated that Mr. Balfour played golf at Berwick-upon-Tweed. This, of course, should have been North Berwick.

UNTIL I saw the attempts sent in for the "Work" Competition, I had no idea that children of the present generation were so capable. I have received some really splendid specimens of skill in almost every branch of children's hobbies. Painting and drawing are exceptionally well represented, as is also map-making. Needlework of all descriptions, fretwork, stories, music, and designs made with paper, also figure largely among the entries, as well as home-made dolls' furniture. I found it exceedingly difficult to decide who should be prize-winners, and have awarded many more prizes than I had originally intended, the merit of the work sent in being so great. The list of prize-winners is too long to publish here, but competitors who have not received gifts by Monday next may take it that they have been unsuccessful—this time, at all events, everybody cannot win.

MAGPIE has written me a letter, inclosing some ideas for articles, from which the following is an extract: "It may interest you to know that I got hold of two or three ideas for you, but refrained from sending them up. Imagine my astonishment when I saw these very ideas—even to the title—utilised in yours and similar periodicals. I do not intend to be caught napping again."——I would warn my readers to take a lesson from MAGPIE, and send off ideas to me as soon as they strike them. If accepted they will be paid for at the rate of two guineas a column for as much matter as is written up on the idea. Of course, when several people send the same idea, only the first one received can expect payment.

"I MIX with very clever people," writes WORRIED, "whom I do not wish to think me ignorant. Yet I have to either keep my mouth entirely shut in their company, or to make statements which reveal that I know nothing about the subject. Which is the better plan?"——If you are not so well informed as your friends, why not be candid and admit it? By keeping your mouth shut, and never asking information from others, you are going the surest way to work to remain ill-informed in the future. A system of continuous inquiry would in a year or so enable you to take a position of equality with your friends. If you do not know anything about a subject, surely you should attempt to get knowledge as quickly as possible, and the best way is usually to get it from those who are well-informed.

"WHICH is the best language for telephonic communication?" asks W. D.——That all depends on the length of time you are getting a connection. If the delay is abnormal, I should think a fluent knowledge of German would be found as satisfying as any other to the weary waiter. But on technical grounds, French is perhaps the best for telephonic transmission. The telephone alters the quality of the sound spoken into it, and certain letters are particularly affected by this. Thus, b, p, r, a, and o are given exaggerated prominence, while others, l, c, s, i, and e, are distinctly weakened. Obviously the best language is that which would be least affected by this freakish habit of the telephone, and this is the French. The weakening of s, i, e, and w affects French least, therefore that tongue suffers but little through the telephone—provided always the speaker does not indulge in a too Parisian rolling of the "r's" which would quite neutralise all the effects of an otherwise clear pronunciation by causing the most horrible contortions in the instrument.

ORPHEUS writes: "I am glad to see you occasionally answer questions relating to music. Most people are afraid to explain points on the subject, which are quite as interesting to the public as many other matters. Will you tell me why it is that one can generally tell whether a piece is being played in a key of sharps or flats?"——Some people can tell you at once the key in which a piece is written, but they are unique. Compositions in keys of five or more sharps are the exceptions rather than the rule in music. Most of the great composers of the past have avoided such keys. When, however, they have chosen them, the composition has nearly always taken a very hard, masculine, sometimes uncouth shape, caused by the fact that sharps are not, so to speak, the native air of the composer. Therefore, when a musical person hears a piece of music that seems harsh and wild, he naturally assumes it to be in an unusual key, which is, in the majority of cases, one of a large number of sharps. Flats invite suave, gentle melody; sharps the reverse.

IN the first Gramophone Competition the word "letters" was used in the sentence, part of which was, "the *letters* of which shall begin respectively with the letters G R A M O P H O N E." The word in italics should, of course, have been "words." Competitors may send in as many attempts as they like, provided they are written on separate post-cards.

"Is it correct to speak of 'a swine'?" asks G. H. "Surely the noun is a plural one?"——No. "Swine" is a singular noun, designed to apply to any creature of the pig species. Seeing that we prefer to speak of a pig, sow, boar, or hog, the term swine has fallen out of use to designate single animals, and is used only to indicate them collectively. But "a swine" is quite correct.

A PEARSONITE.—The conferring of the freedom of a city or town upon anyone is almost purely an honorary distinction, and does not carry with it any rights beyond that of being entered upon the register of municipal electors. Recipients of this honour, however, are not entitled, when not resident or carrying on business in the particular city or town, to exercise the municipal franchise, or be inducted to the town council.

"How would you treat a child who has broken a promise to do a wrong action?" asks W. B. "The child has perhaps been praised for so doing. Is this right, or how would you advise one to act?"——A child who has promised to do a wrong action has broken its promise from one of two reasons. It has seen the wrong, and decided not to do it, or it has had the cowardice not to fulfil its obligations out of fear of the consequences. Before deciding how to treat such a child, ascertain which of these two motives has prompted it. The point to be laid stress on should be that a promise is a binding obligation. By breaking it, whether for good or evil, a child does wrong. There is certainly nothing commendable in agreeing to do a thing and sneaking out of it when the critical moment comes. Such a person is entitled to less admiration than the person who goes through with it. The question hinges on a child's sense of honour. Possessed of this sense, nobody goes far wrong in the world.

G. J. writes: "I give you inclosed what I consider a more correct answer than that given in your issue for August 7th of the problem, 'What is the square root of two?' This figure is 1⅜, which multiplied by itself reaches 1.890625." G. J. claims the advantage for this figure over that given in the article on the grounds of its having no figures over or circulating. Our figure, it will be remembered, was worked out to over a hundred decimal points.——Your figure, G. J., is certainly preferable for office use. But there is a nearer one still, that is 1⅖. We would much rather have it about us than the hundred pointer of the scientist quoted in our article, especially as the room in our editorial sentry box is limited. But you can scarcely claim it as more correct. While your figure is only the square root of 1.890625, the scientist quoted manages to get within a much more minute fractional distance of the figure two. If you have any doubt about it, just put down our figures on the floor of your sitting-room (if it is big enough to hold them), and work it out in kitchens, sculleries, and coal-cellars, and if, when you arrive at the final figure you don't find it as near two as you will be to a maniac, I shall be pleased to receive figured proofs (carriage forward, right way up), to the contrary, and to admit that I am in the wrong.

BELOW is given this week's list of contributions to the FRESH AIR FUND:

Amount previously acknowledged, £2,562 13s. 2d.

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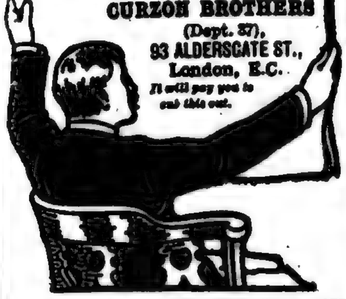

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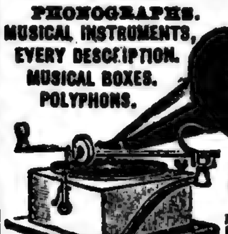

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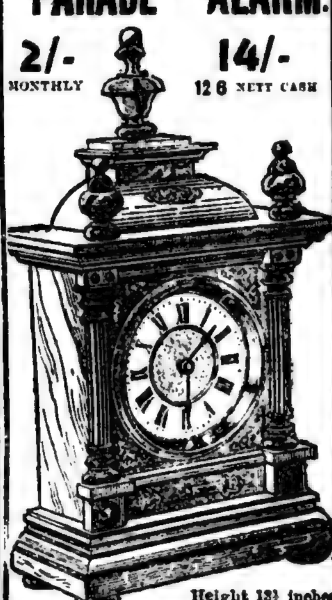

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BLACK FORTUNE

(Continued from page 178.)

what about these things that have been left undone? Do you think that jewels, and hotel living, and being stared at at theatres and races, do you think the kind of friends that you have flung at my head, are the things to satisfy me, or the things that you should have brought into my life?"

"I see," said Dr. Cariston, with that same bland look creeping over his face again, "it is a case of definite rebellion with you! Well, that is human nature, I suppose. You have had the best you can get out of me, now you are looking for something better, and you are planting all your hopes on Philip Heron. The stake is worth playing for I grant that, but as far as I can see the game is all against you. Because it stands to reason, you see, my dear," continued the man, sauntering to and fro, "that the world (that world which you so much desire), will now be open to Philip, and he can pick and choose and marry any woman he likes. His natural instinct will be to look high, and my private opinion about this matter (based upon a very intimate knowledge of Heron's character), is, that he will certainly *not* make you his wife if he can avoid doing so.

"Now what you have to do," continued the Doctor, stroking his chin smoothly, and looking calmly at his daughter's white face, "is to let him understand very clearly that you intend to be his wife. You may be clever enough to do this by yourself, my dear Anne, but Philip is a slippery customer and sometimes two brains and two wills are better than one."

"What does this signify?" asked Anne swiftly.

Cariston smiled.

"It means that I think it advisable that we should come to terms, that in fact we should co-operate in this game."

Anne said nothing for a moment. The mere suggestion of making any compact with her father was abhorrent to her because her great object was to get out of his grip, to set herself far away from his blighting influence; yet she was forced to realise that he spoke advisedly, and the mere suggestion that she might be impotent to fight out a victory single-handed, hurtful as it was to her vanity, silenced her objections.

"What are your terms?" she asked.

"Nothing very extraordinary," said Dr. Cariston. "I only want to have my last years secured from trouble and financial anxiety. If I make this marriage a certainty, you must get Heron to settle a couple of thousand a year on me; not much, is it?" added Cariston in parenthesis, "still, I could make it do. Come, what do you say?"

Anne laughed bitterly.

"Since you seem to have studied the position so well, and no doubt are resolved to work against me if I do not work with you, of course this part of the game is practically in your hands——"

"You agree, then?" said Dr. Cariston.

"I agree," answered Anne, "and the day that I marry Philip Heron you shall be given a settled income of two thousand a year."

She passed out of the room as she spoke, and went from the inn into the brilliant May sunshine once more.

Her father watched her walk away through the village.

"It was neatly done," he said to himself, with a faint, a very faint smile. "A man in my position cannot make things too secure, and I am bound to keep my hold on Anne. She's the only sure draw, and the more she tries to shake me off the more will come to me. There must be no muddling in this," he continued anxiously, his usually florid face growing very white, "for if Heron's money does not come under my hand there will be no escape! Even now the net is being drawn tighter and tighter round me. That last business was too risky. To end my days as a convict! God! at all hazards I must keep out of that. Money can buy anything, and Philip Heron shall buy my safety—I shall see him to-night. I worded my telegram pretty strongly, and if he does not meet me here as I ordered, by gad! I'll go up to the house and let everyone know my business, for I am a desperate man, and desperate men don't stand on ceremony!"

THIRD CHAPTER.

Katherine Lyale, of Patrixcrest.

As Anne Cariston passed on her way, Katherine Lyale went back to her lilies, but instead of cutting she fell into a brown study.

She was haunted by the vision of that beautiful woman's face.

Strangers were not uncommon things on this country road, but assuredly Katherine had never seen any tourist, or chance visitor who had impressed her as Anne had done.

"It is a face to dream about," she said to herself, and then she looked round as a footstep crunching on the gravel path brought her thoughts back to her work. A middle-aged woman with her arms rolled up and a cooking apron about her approached her with a knife and a plate in her hand, and a scolding word on her lips.

"Indeed Miss Kate," she said, "but you'll be fair tired, I'm thinking. Why you have been stooping over them blessed flowers ever since breakfast, and the sun's powerful hot this morning too——"

"I have finished for the moment," answered Miss Lyale, "look what a beautiful lot I have gathered this morning, Bessie! What have you come for, some asparagus?"

Bessie nodded her head, then took a letter from under her apron, and held it forward.

"Come by a groom from Uptonridge just now, he said as there was no answer."

Katherine Lyale glanced at the letter and took it almost reluctantly, her sensitive face changed and wore almost a hard expression.

"Sir James came back last night the lad said," continued Bessie, "now her ladyship 'll be quite happy! You haven't been just lately to Uptonridge, have you, Miss Kate?"

Miss Lyale said "No," in a quiet voice. She had tossed the letter aside, and was busy with her flowers again.

Bessie watched her a moment in silence.

"I do wish you'd have done what her ladyship wanted Miss Kate, and gone abroad with her this early Spring. Seems like as she's the right one to look after you, seeing as she's your god-mother."

Katherine's cheeks flushed slightly.

"I don't want anyone to look after me, Bessie," she said. She was evidently annoyed by the advent of that letter, but she made a great effort to conquer her irritation. "And you know quite well," she went on, looking upward with a faint smile, "that if I had gone abroad with Lady Bellairs I should have had to look after her—not she after me, Bessie."

"Well, that's neither here nor there, I only feel——" but Bessie checked herself. She made to pass on and then paused again.

"They say that old man's dying fast," she said suddenly.

Katherine Lyale's face softened instantly, and her eyes were beautiful in their expression of sorrow.

"Oh, Bessie, I hope not!" she said in a hushed kind of way. "Poor Mr. Heron! I am sorry——!"

"Sorry!" said Bessie. "Sorry for the man that's living in your old home, and has got no more right to be there than I have! Sorry? He'd better have died, I'm thinking, before he bought Patrixcrest."

Katherine Lyale's brow contracted. This was an old, old argument, and no amount of common sense reasoning seemed to be able to show Bessie, faithful adherent as she was, that she was unjust. To-day this loyalty to herself hurt Katherine sharply.

"I am indeed sorry," she repeated in a low voice. "It is so sad to think that with all that money he should be practically alone."

Bessie sniffed, and stooping, dug up a weed, a very small one, from the garden path.

"Then why didn't he buy himself friends?" she asked truculantly. "It's no use, Miss Kate, I can't be easy about him! You see, I never thought as Mr. Edward would be in earnest and would sell the old home over your head. God forgive me for saying a harsh thing against my dead master, but you know yourself, Miss Kate, it was *not* a good thing that Mr. Edward did, it wasn't fair to you."

Katherine Lyale's lips trembled.

It was only in such a moment as this that she realised how alone she stood in the world, and how much her brother might have been to her. Anybody in the village could give the story of the Lyales of Patrixcrest. They had been at the old house for generations, and little by little had fallen into poverty, that kind of poverty which is the most terrible to bear. Katherine's father had died when she had been a school girl, and her brother a mere lad. Their mother Katherine never remembered. Their uncle and guardian had utterly depreciated and mismanaged their property; not wilfully, but through weakness of character.

Had young Edward Lyale been different perhaps things might have looked up when he came of age. But he was a visionary; his whole life was devoted enthusiastically to the cause of science. Money had no meaning for him save to advance discoveries, and no one was more surprised than he when he found himself face to face with the fact that nothing remained, and the only way he could touch ready money was to sell the old house, and estate of Patrixcrest. Edward Lyale had never hesitated in his decision to take this step. For just at that time he had been invited to join an exploration party, a costly expedition and one not unattended with danger, and whilst she was struggling with the natural grief that this separation signified, Katherine Lyale, bewildered and incredulous, had found herself practically turned out of her old home. If it had not been that this small patch of land with an old keeper's cottage attached had passed to her by her father's will, the girl would not have known what to do, or where to go.

It always stung her when Bessie spoke in that straightforward way of Edward, yet Katherine could not deny that in this at least the old housekeeper was right, and that Edward, brave dreamer as he had been, had sacrificed her for the cause he had at heart. Sorrowful as it was to leave Patrixcrest, Katherine from the very first conceived a liking for the man who had bought her home.

She knew that he had risen from nothing, that he was a self-made man, but she admired him immensely. She liked his rough speech that was contradicted by his kind eyes. She liked the grip of his hand, and she always smiled as she saw Andrew Heron swing along the country road hatless, with no muffler about his throat, and wearing no great coat, even in the coldest weather.

That he had a splendid heart she knew by personal experience, for when the news was flashed through Europe that the exploring party with which Edward Lyale had associated himself had come to utter disaster, and that he had perished with his companions, Andrew Heron had lost not a moment in offering sympathy and friendship to the desolate girl whom he admired so much.

He withdrew when he saw that there were many others to minister to her, but he never knew that Katherine preferred his sympathy to all the pity bestowed on her by her family connections, and friends. For in the hearts of all of these people there lurked bitter denunciation of her brother, and Katherine could not endure to hear Edward condemned. It was really this feeling that cut her away from her relations, and old friends, and in particular to avoid intercourse with Lady Bellairs, her god-mother, and even more to shrink from meeting James Bellairs.

There was something in Bellairs' manner towards herself that stung Katherine. She had never liked Sir James. For all his blue blood and his proud place in the world, she found him far less of a gentleman than Andrew Heron, whom he professed to despise, and she proudly resented Bellairs' indifference to her rejection of his attentions.

As plainly as any woman could do so, she had given him to understand that she desired nothing from him but friendship, and that of the slightest description. And the fact that James Bellairs only laughed at such an attitude, and seemed to insinuate that he regarded her as his future wife, made Katherine's aversion for this man become definite hatred.

As Bessie moved away she tossed Sir James' letter far from her.

"I won't read it now," she said to herself restlessly. "I—don't want to have hot and bitter thoughts when that good man is dying. How I wish I could have seen him again! I—I wonder why Mr. Marchmont has not let me know how serious this illness was! But he too must be terribly sad—terribly grieved. If I could only have done some little thing! I feel as though I were losing a great friend." She sat a moment idly and all at once a wave of hot colour dyed her face.

"There will be a great change when Mr. Heron is dead. Perhaps—now—I shall never see him again!"

She was thinking of John Marchmont.

From the first moment they had met, a sympathy had sprung up between Miss Lyale and Andrew Heron's secretary. What it was that drew her to this man Katherine could not have set down in words. She only knew that the sight of him gave her a pleasure apart from all she had known, and that the mere sound of his name (particularly when Mr. Heron spoke warmly of his secretary), had tender comfort in it. Unconsciously she had learnt to set Marchmont in contrast with James Bellairs, and the knowledge that there were men of such higher mental and moral construction in the world, strengthened her antagonism for the Squire of Uptonridge, as Bellairs was called.

"If I were to marry Jim," she said to herself with a shiver, "I should become just one more possession, something to be sworn at as he swears at his mother, or perhaps kicked and thrashed, as he kicks and thrashes his dogs and horses. He would not care a pin about me if I had not set his will up by my opposition. He intends to marry me to conquer me and then to punish. How different from Mr. Marchmont! If—ever *he* had been so foolish as to care for me! But I am thinking nonsense, and wasting time. I must go in!"

And stooping, she picked up Sir James' letter and her baskets and went slowly indoors.

She had to divide the flowers into bunches, and then pack them carefully. It was a labour of love, and yet a labour of time, and long after the lilies were gone and her modest luncheon eaten, she was busy cutting and packing asparagus. For this garden (started by her in her school days as a hobby), had now become a definite means of helping existence for herself and Bessie.

Her flowers and her fruits, and her vegetables, found a ready market, and there was no one, save perhaps Jim Bellairs, who was not touched by the way that this pure-bred young woman had turned and found a life of work. And Sir James considered Katherine's independence "all rot!"

The afternoon sun shone slantingly through the trees, as she allowed herself to sit and rest for a little while.

Her face wore a sad look, and in her ears there rang the tolling of the church bell. Up at her old home the blinds would be drawn, and all would be still and dark, for the master of the house lay dead.

She prayed for him, and then she wiped away some tears, and then she rose with a flutter at her heart, for someone was threading his way along the narrow path to that patch of grass, and though she recognised John Marchmont, it seemed to her as if she saw him for the first time.

They were shut away from observation, trees stood all round them, and as he reached her he fell on his knee and pressed her hand to his eyes and to his lips. She tried to speak some comfort, but words were not easy, and it was he who broke the silence.

"Forgive me," he said, "something forced me to come to you. Have I startled you, or has your heart already known what you have grown to be to me? This is a terrible day, and yet a great day for me. He is dead, the best friend I have ever known; that is a loss that will never be filled, and yet Katherine—his death means life! For"—his voice was unsteady and hoarse—"it lets my love live, it gives me the right to approach you."

He rose, she helping him, and they stood looking into one another's eyes for a moment.

"Was it then so difficult to approach me?" she asked in a whisper.

"You know it was," he answered; "though you are poor, though you work as you work, though you live in a cottage, are you not still Katherine Lyale of Patrixcrest, and am not I your inferior?" he spoke on hurriedly preventing her words. "I am no better now than I was, but something marvellous has happened. Katherine, I—I have felt bewildered—I feel almost frightened, and in this confusion I have seen only you! Katherine, Katherine, do you know what he has done for me? He has left me all his money! Yes—yes, it is true," John Marchmont said hurriedly, as he saw how her face changed, and she almost retreated a step, "I cannot even yet realise that he has gone, and—the scene that passed just before his death I shall never forget."

He covered his face with his hands and Katherine tried to calm him, to comfort him.

She made him sit down and rest. She would not let him talk for a while. Her heart ran in union with his. She seemed to feel each sensation that passed through him; regret and deep sorrow, excitement, nervousness, and yet throughout a sense of joy, a wonderful warm gladness in that they were together, and that they knew they belonged to one another. And after a while he grew calmer, and he told her all that had passed.

She sat with a pale face, listening.

"It is a great honour for you," she said; "but a great, great responsibility."

"It would seem strange to the world," said John Marchmont, "but not to you, to hear me say that I wish with all my heart he had not done this. It is an honour to feel that that great man trusted me so much, but I have never wanted wealth, I do not know if I am fit to take up all that this inheritance will mean."

"If you are not fit," said Katherine Lyale proudly, "then no man is fit to be wealthy!"

His face lit up, and he stretched out his hands to her.

"Will you help me, Katherine?" he said. "I can do what my dead master requires, I can find the sufferers, and the strugglers in rough and common paths, but there will be more to do with this vast wealth than that. You are born to a

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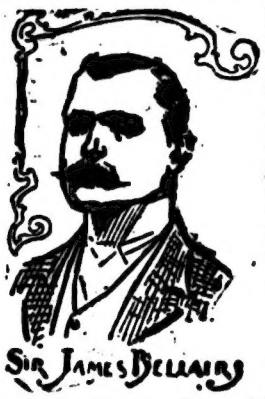
Who is the Woman of Death? She is the heroine of Guy Boothby's thrilling novel, "The Woman of Death"; price 6d.



place in the world. I dare not face the future without you."

"I will not believe that," answered Katherine, with a touch of glorious colour in her cheeks; "if I did not think that you were strong and brave and loyal, I would not have called you friend; nay, I will say more than that," she added. "I would not have learnt to love you as I do love you."

Once again he knelt at her feet and kissed her hands.

"Andrew Heron's money shall be blessed," he said, "if you will come and share it."

"Let us talk of him," said Katherine in a hushed way.

And so they paced to and fro till the evening sun began to sink behind the trees, and Bessie, creeping near, watched them wonderingly.

She, too, had a liking for John Marchmont, though if it came to anything nearer with Miss Kate, that might be a different matter; for Bessie quite understood what was passing in Sir James Bellairs' mind, and was prepared for a marriage in the not far distance. And in the servant's opinion this marriage would be the right one for Miss Katherine to contract, seeing that she and Sir James had known each other since childhood.

At last John Marchmont took his leave.

"The will is to be read in a couple of days," he said, "and I am hoping that something may be found to mollify this treatment of Philip Heron. In any case I must soften it in some way. Indeed I have already written to him, asking him to see me as soon as possible. I know that he is base; I knew it long before Mr. Heron began to suspect him, but—but he needs money, and he was Andrew Heron's nephew, and blood is thicker than water. I hardly know what I shall do, but I feel I must do something."

"Have you spoken with him?" asked Katherine nervously. "I have only seen him once, and then I did not like him very much."

"He has left the house," said John Marchmont. "Perhaps he may be there when I go back; but I almost hope he will not have returned, for I shall be glad to let a few hours go before we meet. The interview cannot fail to be most unpleasant, of course. You must be prepared, Katherine, to hear me denounced; no one will believe that I was ignorant of what was working in my employer's mind."

But Katherine only smiled, and with their hands clinging together for a moment he took his first kiss from her lips. Then he went away, back to that big house in which so often he had pictured Katherine, which had been hallowed to him by the knowledge that her childhood and girlhood had been spent there, back to the house which now belonged to him.

He avoided the village; he felt he could not meet and speak with anyone.

He had turned to Katherine as a flower turns to the sun, as one who thirsts to the sparkling brook, she who had been his unattainable dream was by this extraordinary chance made the one creature in the world necessary and possible to him.

The unreality of the thing pressed upon him as he passed through the fields, dyed red by the setting sun.

It was just such a sky as Andrew Heron had loved to gaze at, reminding him of the days and nights he had spent out in those wilder parts where his vast fortune had been built together, and as he drew nearer the house John Marchmont felt the tears come once more as he realised that this kind, good soul had gone to his rest, and never again would they speak or walk together on earth.

"If I had not gone to attend to that business of my stepmother's I could have nursed him, but he died in my arms," said John Marchmont to himself. "Thank God for that! But, oh, how I wish he were alive! Not even three times the wealth he has left me could make his death better to me than his living friendship!"

* * * * * * *

As John Marchmont passed hurriedly away from that fragrant and old-fashioned garden, another man was advancing towards it. He was on horseback, and made what old Bessie would call "a fine figure of a man" in his well cut riding attire.

As he saw John Marchmont pass out of the gate, Sir James Bellairs' brow darkened, he tightened his hold on the reins so suddenly that the animal he rode grew restive, as he watched the other man pass out of sight.

Then, with an angry word on his lips, he swung himself from the saddle, and fastened the reins securely to the palings.

He walked towards the little cottage with the air of one in authority.

Bessie, busying herself with preparing an evening meal for her mistress, looked up suddenly as he hailed her.

"Lor', sir," she said, "what a start you gave me! Won't you come in, sir, Miss Kate's in the garden still."

Sir James drew off his gloves.

"Who was that I saw going away just now?" he asked.

Bessie gave a half nervous glance at him. He was not too polite, but all the same she admired him. He looked a splendid specimen of young manhood; though he was bold and strong looking, rather than handsome.

"That was Mr. Marchmont," she said, "him as works for that man."

"Heron's secretary you mean, I suppose," said Sir James. "What brings him here?"

"I did not ask his business," said Bessie a little curtly.

Of course it might be all very well for Sir James to question her when he and Miss Kate had settled matters, but for the moment he had no right to interfere.

With another scowl James Bellairs took the hint conveyed in her words, and turned on his heel.

Bessie watched him go with a little flutter at her heart.

"Maybe it'd be a good thing for Miss Kate," she said to herself, "and maybe it wouldn't. He's too used to driving he is, and Miss Kate she won't never be drove. Still," said Bessie, turning back to her work, "his father and her father was friends, and there's no doubt he cares for her, otherwise he'd have married times over. Well, I'd give a lot to see my girl in her proper life. I believe her when she says she's happy, for she has got a heart of gold; but this ain't her proper place, and nothing won't make me say it is."

Katherine was still sitting under the trees, lost in an ecstasy that held her spellbound. It was nothing to her that John Marchmont was now a man of vast wealth. Money had no place in her thoughts; it was the knowledge that a great gift had come to her, and that the void in her life and heart, which she had tried to fill with work, and books, and casual friendship, was filled at last with a treasure such as she had hardly dreamt was possible for the human heart to possess.

As the sound of footsteps broke on her ear she roused herself hurriedly.

"I am coming in, Bessie," she called. "I—I know I am very late, but I am coming in now."

Then she looked round, and retreated a step as she saw James Bellairs before her. Instantly that Heaven-sent tide of joy that had swept her about ebbed away.

Her heart beat quickly, and she felt jarred and full of resentment.

"It is very late to pay me a visit, Jim," she said coldly. "Have you brought me a message from your mother?"

Bellairs stood directly in front of her.

"I wrote to tell you I was coming this evening," he said, "but I suppose you have not read my letter."

Katherine looked him very quietly in the eyes.

"No," she said coldly, "I have not read your letter. I told you a long time ago, Jim, that I did not wish to receive letters from you."

"Well," said Bellairs, a little thickly, "I am in luck for once, for if you had read my letter no doubt you would have avoided me, and I have something to say to you, Kate."

"We will go back to the house," said Katherine Lysle as calmly as she could.

"No, we will stay here," said Sir James. "If it is not too late for you to receive the visit of another man, it is not too late for you to speak with me out here."

Katherine went back to the chair and sat down.

"Very well," she said with that same coldness and dignity which always infuriated this man, "since you force me to listen, say what you have to say."

"You know what I have to say," said Bellairs. He moved nearer and stood very close to her. "I have come to tell you that I won't wait any longer, that I am tired of this tomfoolery, and that it is time to have our marriage announced."

Katherine laughed.

"My dear Jim," she said, "you really amuse me. You speak as if I belonged to you."

"And so you do," broke in Bellairs roughly. "Your mother and my mother came of the same stock, and I am your kinsman, and now that you are alone in the world, and you have set everybody by the ears with your confounded independence, I consider I have a right to order your life."

"You have no such right," answered Katherine as quietly as she could; "it is true that your mother and my mother were cousins, true also that I am your mother's god-child, but that gives you no real claim even to approach me. Must I tell you again"—Katherine rose; she was calm and cold and proud—"that there is nothing in you that draws you to me, but everything in you that makes me shun you? I am not a child, I am a woman, one placed by circumstances alone, and therefore not quite an ordinary woman; though you were to come to me a hundred times, and change the manner of your wooing, you would not change my feelings towards you." Then she altered her tone. "My dear Jim," she said, "why not be sensible? You must know that this kind of thing is very tiresome. If you really care about me, be my friend. As it is, see what you do, you cut me away from your mother, for whom I really care, and you rouse up this disagreeable feeling between ourselves. Won't you understand once and for all that I am a proud woman, and that I resent the treatment you have shown me these last few months."

Bellairs caught her hands suddenly in his.

"I only know that you have done your best to drive me wild," he said fiercely, "and that I'll get even with you, Kate, if I have to wait a lifetime." Then he loosed her hands as suddenly, "and listen to me, my girl," he said, with a curious note in his voice, "there will be no other man in your life, not if I have got a say in the matter! If I am not good enough for you, then, by Heaven! no other man shall be!"

Katherine retreated from him, and stood leaning against a tree.

"How dare you speak to me like this!" she said; "leave me!"

Sir James laughed.

"Leave you?" he said, "to let that servant of Heron's come creeping here! Let me but meet him on the road and I'll shake the life out of him as though he were a rat!"

Katherine caught her breath.

"Keep your insults for me," she said, and into her voice there had come a wonderful beauty; "but do not dare to say a word against John Marchmont in my presence. Servant as you call him, I set him higher than all the world. Now perhaps, Jim, you will understand! And if you must needs have a wife, go and find one who will bear with the indignity of your roughness and rudeness, and find a consolation for your lack of courtesy in the great honour of sharing your name! For me, understand, not even kinship, nor old, old friendship can permit me to receive you here again."

So saying she turned and pushed her way through the fruit bushes, into a back path that led to the house, and Bellairs made no effort to follow her. His rage, that usually took the form of violent movement and rough words, was concentrated into a strange calm.

He felt sick with anger. A despot from his earliest days he had known little disappointment, and Katherine's scorn stung him like poison.

He walked deliberately to the gate, unfastened his horse, and mounting it rode slowly away. And as she heard the sound of the hoofs fade into the distance, as she realised that she had made a definite enemy of this man, Katherine trembled, and going up to her room she flung herself on her knees by her bed and broke into tears.

For, like a true woman, fear lurked close to joy, and by the very quietness of Bellairs' going, her over-charged heart read a menace not merely to herself, but to the man she loved.

FOURTH CHAPTER.

"We must Take out a Kind of Insurance on this Fellow's Life."

ANNE CARISTON had spent the morning in exploring the neighbourhood, returning at lunch time, when as she and her father had sat together, the village church tolled a tribute to the dead, and the maid who waited on them told them that the great man, the man of millions, had passed away.

A strange light glowed in Anne's eyes, and her father's face changed too.

"Let us drink to Philip's health, my dear," he had said, but after that they had exchanged no words.

Impervious to fatigue, Anne started forth again, and walked miles that afternoon. Her mind was a series of brilliant pictures.

She had begun to despair of finding good fortune, that fortune that was surely the fitting accompaniment to such beauty as hers, but now at last it seemed actually within her reach.

She retired to her room early that evening.

Her father had brought down a good stock of newspapers, but Anne was too excited to read.

As the time slipped by she became irritated and nervous.

According to her father's words, Philip should have been at the inn between seven and eight; the clock in the village had chimed a quarter to nine, and yet Mr. Heron had not approached; unless, indeed, he had come by some road which was invisible from her window.

A knock at the door, followed by the appearance of her father in the room, sharpened her irritation. There was something strange about Dr. Cariston. He walked up to her, and then sat down heavily in a chair.

"Do you know what they are saying in the village, Anne?" he said, and his voice had a strained, harsh note, "it may be only gossip, but it may be true also. They say that just before he died Andrew Heron disinherited his nephew, and left all his money to a young fellow who has been working as his secretary."

Anne lay very still on the couch.

"Where is Philip Heron?" she asked. "Did you not say that he was coming here to meet you?"

"He fixed the hour," answered Cariston; "but if this infernal thing is true, God knows where he is!"

"It might be good to go to the house and find him," said Anne in that same faint voice.

She looked so quiet, so seemingly indifferent, that her father looked at her half angrily.

He little knew what a whirlwind of passion he had raised in her heart, and how everything that was strong and evil in her strange nature was clamouring and crying out against this possible upheaval of her plans.

"I have been to the house," said Dr. Cariston. "Mr. Heron left some time during the afternoon, but he has not gone by train because there is no train until late this evening."

Suddenly Anne raised herself on her elbow, and pointed to the window.

The sun had set, and dusk had fallen, but the night was clear, and her eyes were very keen.

"There is Philip," she said, "go to him."

Cariston ran down the stairs, and passed through the old-fashioned door into the road.

Philip was walking slowly, he looked like a man worn out with fatigue. The dust was on his clothes, and as the light from the bar parlour fell on his face, Dr. Cariston hardly recognised it; he looked so changed, so haggard.

"Not in there," he said, as the other man waved his hand towards the inn, "come away, Cariston."

The other man proposed some wine, suggested a temporary rest, but Philip Heron would not listen.

"I cannot breathe indoors," he said.

So they paced on, and found themselves at length in the broken grounds that surrounded the ruined church.

"Have they told you of my inheritance?" asked Philip Heron suddenly, and he laughed harshly.

"I know nothing," answered Cariston, "I asked you to meet me here to talk about that bill of two thousand. Isaacs refuses to renew again, you know, and something must be done at once."

"Curse the bill," said Heron savagely, "and curse you, too, and all the rest of them!"

"Oh, come, I say," said Cariston, pretending to be offended, "that's a little strong. Revile me if you will, but we have to meet that money all the same, Heron, by some means or other."

"Then you will have to do it by yourself," said Philip Heron. He sank with half a groan on to the moss-covered piece of old stone work. "I was a pauper yesterday, but at least a pauper with prospects; to-night, Cariston, I am a pauper without a hope in the world."

"What does this mean?" asked the other man in a strained voice.

"It means that I am disinherited, flung off like an old glove, not one single farthing has that old brute left me! He has left every stick and stone he possessed to another man."

Dr. Cariston sat down also.

"And this other man?" he asked, after a pause.

"His secretary, a low, meddling fellow, with sanctimonious airs, who sneaked his way behind my back into the old man's favour. I tell you, Cariston, I had to leave that house; I felt it was not safe for me to stay so near that fellow. He has had the impudence to write to me a note appointing an immediate meeting. He to order me!"

"I can quite understand your feelings," said Anne's father soothingly, "any man would be bowled over by such a state of things; but you must not lose your head, Heron. There may be some modification of this—this disaster you know."

"You did not know my uncle," answered Philip bitterly; "you think perhaps he spoke idly. He was a man who never

wasted words, and when he told me to-day that he had cut me off, I knew he had done it, sure enough! And, my God! Cariston, I don't know what I am going to do."

Dr. Cariston got up and moved about restlessly.

"Yes, it is a blow," he said, when he came to a standstill, "and yet——"

"And yet what?" demanded Heron, savagely.

"No man is without a hope until he has exhausted every possibility. You must see this other man, as he suggests. You must make friends with him."

Heron replied with an oath.

"That is speaking like a fool," said Cariston, curtly. "You are not in a position to take such a stand, Heron; you *must* make friends I say, and quickly too."

But Philip Heron was full of venomous anger and hate.

"To have money thrown to me by a swindling outsider, when it ought to have been mine by rights!" he muttered.

Dr. Cariston laughed.

"My dear fellow," he said, "what matters it how money comes so long as it does come? I repeat, you must bury your animosity, you must respond to any offer of friendship, and get the best you can out of this. I regard it as very hopeful that this man should have written to you already. By the way, have you a cigarette about you? Yes," continued Dr. Cariston, as Philip Heron sullenly passed across his cigarette case, "I regard this as a very promising sign." He struck a match and lit a cigarette. "In fact, Heron," he said, as he flung the match away, "I am prepared to make a bet with you about the future, and all it holds for you."

"I am in no mood for jesting," Heron said sullenly.

"I am not jesting," said Cariston. He sat down and smoked his cigarette for awhile in silence.

"I don't mind confessing to you, Heron," he said, when he spoke, "that your news has bowled me over considerably. You see our interests of late have been so closely connected that I had begun to look forward to your uncle's death as eagerly as you have done yourself. Consequently the news that you will not possess the Heron millions is not very pleasing information to me, but in my career I have learnt to take things philosophically, and to stand and see the good as well as the bad points of any situation. Hence my reason for speaking as I just did. I have often found," continued Cariston in his pleasantest way, "that when the clouds look blackest the sun suddenly pops out. Your immediate prospects are black indeed, my dear Philip, but the sun will shine unexpectedly. At any rate, I repeat I am prepared to make a bet with you."

"What kind of bet?" asked Philip sullenly.

He had walked till he was weary. His passion had exhausted him, he had lost grip of himself as it were, and there was an insidious kind of comfort in Cariston's suave manner and seemingly commonplace words.

"This," answered Cariston, "I will offer you fifty to one in shillings or hundreds, whichever you like, that you will not only find friendship with this inheritor of your uncle's fortune, exceedingly good business now, but that if you play your cards well, before another couple of years have gone you will yourself step into that fortune."

Philip Heron stared at him.

"I don't understand you," he said, in a low voice, and the other man shrugged his shoulders.

"Don't you?" He ceased smoking, and bending forward he looked into Philip Heron's eyes. "Then you are not the smart fellow I have taken you to be! I mean that your game must be to play so into this man's hands that you will most naturally force him to do you justice. The least he can do is to make you his heir—and then! Well, life is uncertain for all of us, my dear Heron," he said, "and the vastest fortune in the world, as you have seen to-day, cannot buy immunity from death."

Philip Heron shivered.

"But even supposing your theory should be proved correct, Marchmont is young and strong," he said hoarsely; "why should he die?" He paused a moment, then repeated the question in a shaky voice. "And—how can I be sure that his death will benefit me whenever it comes?" he asked sullenly, as the other man continued smoking in silence.

Dr. Cariston spoke at last. "You must insure yourself against any doubt of that, Heron," he said. His voice was always calm and unemotional. "I suppose you know that it is possible to secure a certain amount of money consequent on the death of another person. What we must do, therefore, is to take out a kind of insurance on this fellow Marchmont's life."

Philip drew his breath sharply, and his eyes went about him furtively.

"Yes," he said, "I know that can be done, but how are we to set about it, Cariston? It—it is rather a ticklish matter, you know. I can't risk bringing suspicion on me, and God knows how I should pay any premiums."

Cariston flicked away some cigarette ash.

"You have no imagination, Heron," he said good-humouredly. "Naturally you cannot risk any questioning. I do not suggest an insurance in the ordinary way. I have laid down the lines you must follow. You must cultivate Marchmont's friendship, you must play a part. No matter what he may suggest, you must fall in with that suggestion, and the rest will come as it should come. I have been hearing little odds and ends of gossip about Marchmont in the village; he can use his fists occasionally it seems, but he has apparently a very tender heart. I believe I know human nature a little bit better than you do, Heron; that is why I am prepared to wager a certain amount that, guided by me, you will fall eventually into a soft place. But," added Dr. Cariston, "you must be guided entirely by me."

When he was in a passion Philip Heron was equal for a short space of time to any brute force, but he was at heart a rank coward. He had not in him the stuff to make a great criminal. The figure of Cariston standing before him so calmly, his voice smooth and conventional, frightened the other man.

"I—I can't risk anything," he muttered sullenly.

Dr. Cariston turned on him swiftly.

"Oh, that I had your chance!" he said fiercely. "That such a future stood within my grasp! Heavens! Heron, are you a man? Why, if I had been humiliated and openly disgraced as you have been this day—if I had been disinherited, I would follow the man who had taken my place into the uttermost corners of the world to get even with him! Force won't help you just now—but trickery can! Just pause and think—is not your grievance a great one? To have this jack-in-office set over you, to see him flaunting in the world, hailed as a king with a kingdom that should belong to you, and to have to be content with such scraps as he flings to you. Does it not make your blood boil? Can you suffer this without making an effort to change matters? Then, indeed, you lack something that goes to constitute an ordinary man."

Philip staggered to his feet, the hot blood rushed furiously through his veins, filling him with a fever that was akin to madness.

"You've said enough, Cariston," he said thickly. "Show me what I've got to do and, by Heaven! I'll do it!"

"Good!" said Dr. Cariston quietly, "and just to ease you a little, *I* will take out this insurance policy as it were. We don't want any office; you can be your own office, Heron. I will pay you a certain premium in the form of helping you to square things now, sharing the little that I have in hand with you, and you will pay to me in bulk the sum of one hundred thousand pounds when—you come into your own again."

Philip Heron was still breathing heavily, like a man who had been running furiously.

"And may that be soon!" he said recklessly.

Dr. Cariston had taken out a notebook, and by the light of a match was scribbling some words on one of the pages. Then he held out the book to Heron, with the pencil.

"Just indorse this," he said, in his calm, pleasant way. "Only a matter of form," he added, as Philip took the pencil, and with a trembling hand wrote his name. The light flickered and went out.

Dr. Cariston snapped the elastic over the book sharply. The hot, wild feeling in Philip Heron's heart began to die away, and a cold, sick sensation gradually came in its place.

He sank down on the heap of stones again, and a groan escaped his lips unconsciously.

Cariston said an ugly word to himself, then he moved forward, and laid his hand almost affectionately on the other man's shoulder.

"Now, my dear Heron," he said, "you must let me prescribe for you. You are completely run down, you know, and no wonder. You must have food, and you must have rest. A good night will pull you together and put a different light on everything. They don't cook half badly at the inn—a lamb cutlet and half a bottle of champagne; how does that sound, eh?"

"If you don't mind, Cariston," said Philip, pausing a little before he spoke, "I won't go to the inn with you. I think I will get back to town. I—I could not stay up at—at the house—everything mocks me there. I shall feel better, perhaps, in my own rooms."

"By all means, my dear fellow," said Dr. Cariston, "study your own feelings entirely; and see here, Heron, I won't bother you now about that bill—I will pull it through somehow. You had better scribble a line to this Marchmont fellow at once, and agree to an early meeting—the earlier the better. I shall see you in town to-morrow. Ta-ta!"

Still smoking, Cariston turned and walked comfortably back to the village.

Anyone passing him in the dusk would have taken him to be a distinguished-looking and doubtless a kindly gentleman; few would have found it easy to believe that in the heart and the brain of this man, seemingly so placid, wearing so benevolent an air, there was planted a germ of such poisonous properties that it even now threatened the darkest danger to a fellow creature's life!

FIFTH CHAPTER.

At the Mercy of Doctor Cariston.

KATHERINE and Marchmont did not meet until after the funeral. Andrew Heron was carried to his grave by his own wish in the simplest fashion possible.

Katherine Lyale knew the hour of the funeral, and though she did not go to the grave, she followed the proceedings in her heart, and sent up many prayers for the man she loved so dearly. She dreaded lest the heavy strain, the mental excitement, and the tremendous responsibility of the moment would tell on him.

On her own part, after a restless and excited night following on that unpleasant interview with James Bellairs, she had grown calm again. The early sunshine and the fragrant greeting of her beloved flowers carried balm to her heart and swept away her fear. Secure in the knowledge that John loved her, and overjoyed to realise that he had need of her, she passed the days of absence in a soft, dreamy happiness.

And on the evening of the funeral John Marchmont went to that small cottage once more.

As she lay clasped in his arms, Katherine could feel how all his strong body seemed to thrill with nervous tension.

"Let me be happy! Let me forget the world for a moment!" he said as her eyes questioned his.

And Katherine lay in his arms, and was silent, till with a deep sigh he released her, and they went to pace under the trees while he told her of all that had passed.

The will had been read, and everything had been left to him unreservedly, but a sealed letter which had been handed to him by the lawyer, desired that a big sum should pass to Philip Heron (of which Marchmont was to be the trustee) if in a couple of years the young man had retrieved his character.

He was to know nothing of this money, and if he continued in his old paths, then this also was to pass to Marchmont. To Katherine had been willed a certain number of pictures, and an old "escritoire," which the girl had always longed to possess. She heard of this legacy with tears in her eyes.

"I am on my way to town to-night," said Marchmont. "I have arranged to meet Philip Heron to-morrow. I hardly know what to say to him, Katherine; this new development ties my hands so much. How I wish you could come with me!"

Katherine leant her head against his shoulder.

"It will not be long before we are together always," she said in a low, soft voice.

"It *must* not be long!" Marchmont said passionately, and once again he took her in his arms and kissed her, and as he did so, James Bellairs stood in the roadway outside, and saw the lovers together. He had lurked there each evening waiting for Marchmont to visit Katherine; he wanted to assure himself that this other man had indeed obtained that which Katherine had so strenuously denied himself, and as he turned away at last, his rage was so great he felt almost suffocated.

Unconscious of the near presence of enmity or evil, John Marchmont felt half the burden of his responsibility slip from him as he walked in that sweet, tranquil garden with Katherine close beside him. Her sympathy was so communicable. She understood so well all that oppressed him. It was with a deep sigh of regret that as the clock chimed nine he had to leave her.

"Do not think too much, my dearest," said Katherine tenderly. "You must not dwell on what *might* come—you must be doing! There is big work waiting for you, remember! I must not keep you. Good-bye!"

"Ah, no; never 'good-bye'—only 'God be with you,'" John Marchmont cried. "Katherine, I shall be here soon again—wait for me, love, and wait and watch. I *must* come to you, just as the flowers must turn to the sun!"

He walked quickly away. Katherine strained her eyes to watch him go, and kept her hands to her beating heart.

"He will come again soon—soon," she whispered, and with eyes wet with tears of happiness, she turned and went indoors, and as she went, some frightened bird rose high up in the trees, gave forth a plaintive cry, as though to mourn for the beautiful love and trust that was destined to pass so swiftly from the glory of the sunshine into the grey, chill shadow of doubt and death!

Katherine hardly knew when she should see John again; there was so much for him to do, but she counted the hours till her lover's letters reached her. She on her side wrote him twice a day.

She went very little from her home in these days. It hurt her to hear John discussed in the village.

Most people had nothing but kind words for him, but there were a few who regarded him as an exceedingly clever man.

One evening about a week later, after John Marchmont had gone to London, as she walked to and fro in the garden under the trees, her heart stood still, for she heard the gate clang and saw James Bellairs' figure stride down the path. He went straight towards her, and as he saw her shrinking from him, and grow red and pale, he bit his lip. He was not a good actor, but by a tremendous effort he conquered his anger, and simulated a geniality he was far from feeling.

"I have not forgotten that you ordered me never to come again," he said, yet apparently without bitterness, "but I have something to say to you, Kate, something that has nothing at all to do with myself, something both strange and most important. Will you listen to me?"

Katherine looked at him a moment steadily.

"If you promise me," she said with dignity, "that what you have to say is not connected with what passed between us the other night, then I will listen gladly."

"I tell you," said Sir James, a trifle roughly, "it has nothing whatever to do with myself. It—it is about Edward."

"About Edward," repeated Katherine, retreating a step, "about my brother! What—what do you mean?"

"Yes," said the man, and he turned aside his face, "about your brother. Kate, you know that they never found his body?"

She looked at him with a snow white face, and bent her head. She was too agitated to speak.

"His death rested entirely on circumstantial evidence as it were," continued Sir James, "but now, Kate, only don't put too much faith on it, for it may not be true, things have come to my knowledge this last week that seem to point to the fact that Edward is not dead."

Katherine gave a low cry, and as she swayed and trembled he put out his arm, and she rested unconsciously in the shelter of it for a moment.

Then she lifted her eyes, and looked at him pitifully.

"You—you are not playing with me, Jim," she said, with lips that trembled.

"Playing! Good God! Kate, what do you take me for? Do you think that however hard and angry I was with you I *could* play with such a thing as this?" Then as she moved away from him he went on speaking quickly. "See, I want you to be brave and strong, you must investigate this yourself. The man who told me all the details of that last expedition is in town now. He knew Edward well, and liked him. He is a great invalid, otherwise I would bring him to meet you. Katherine, but——"

"Oh, take me to him," Katherine broke in breathlessly; "let me speak with him! If this should be true! If Edward should be alive!" Her whole face was illumined.

Sir James adopted a brotherly air of solicitude.

"Now—now," he said, "you are going to be quite calm, you know, and you must not build too much upon this, Kate. As I said just now, there may be nothing in it. There is nothing certain; at the same time there seems to be strong hope. Perhaps I did wrong in coming to you!" Bellairs said suddenly with a note of regret in his voice.

"No," Kate cried, and she stretched out her hands. "You did what was right! No! Jim, you have been more than kind! I cannot let you know what this means to me, especially just now. Tell me what I ought to do? Would this—this friend of yours, see me?"

"I will arrange everything," said Sir James. His face had grown very white, and he gnawed his moustache, a trick of his when he was excited or angry. "Perhaps I had better wire, and see if I can make an appointment. Yes, that would be the best. Will you be ready to come with me at any time?"

"Yes," said Katherine eagerly, "at any time. Have you told your mother?"

"I have told no one," said Sir James. "I thought you were the person to be informed before anybody else. Then Kate, it is settled, either I will come for you, or I will send you directions telling you where to meet me."

He did not offer his hand in farewell, he hastened away, and once outside in the roadway he stopped and wiped his brow and breathed heavily, as one might who had passed through some moment of great suspense; then, with a short laugh, he

Every amateur photographer should possess a copy of "How to Take and Fake Photographs"; price 1s

swung round, and walked back through the village to his own home, there to put the finishing touches to the working out of the cruel and clever scheme that was to give Katherine Lyle into his power.

* * * * * * *

Philip Heron had given Marchmont an appointment at his rooms in town. These chambers were in the heart of the fashionable world, and John was shown into a room that spelt extravagance in every corner.

His heart was oppressed and troubled as he glanced about him, and realised all that lay in front of Philip.

He was asked to wait, and as he stood looking out of the window the door was opened. Turning, John Marchmont found himself face to face with a pleasant-looking man, whose air was undoubtedly professional. It was Dr. Cariston.

"Mr. Heron will be with you directly, Mr. Marchmont," said Cariston. His manner was grave. "I am his medical man, and I am sorry to say I find him anything but well."

"I am sorry," said John Marchmont. He paused a moment. "If you think it better that he should be kept quiet to-day I can see him another time."

But to this Dr. Cariston shook his head.

"He is most anxious to meet you." There was a pause between the two men, and then Cariston spoke again. He had been taking stock of the other man, and he seemed to gauge John's character in one steady glance.

"A strong man," he said to himself, "yet sensitive, feels his position keenly, cannot be worked upon by ordinary methods, however. Single-handed Philip would do nothing with him."

His voice had a troubled sound in it as he spoke.

"I am an old friend of Philip Heron's," he said, "and I am going to take upon myself, Mr. Marchmont, to say something that perhaps he would hardly forgive me for saying. I—I want you to be his friend."

John's face coloured.

"Nothing could be more desirable to me," he answered.

He felt his heart lose a little of its weight; this middle-aged professional man with his calm bearing was the last kind of friend he had imagined Philip Heron would possess.

Such a man might be of the greatest use to him. As they talked together a little while they seemed to be at once in sympathy.

"If there is any way in which I can serve Philip, or yourself, I shall be delighted to do all in my power. Mr. Marchmont. I am of course a very busy man," said Cariston, "but I generally have a free hour in the evening, and shall be delighted to see you. That is my name."

John Marchmont took the card, [illegible] another few words they parted [illegible] almost eagerly, and with [illegible]

The interview with Philip Heron was not so agreeable. Philip was sullen and irritable, not even the fear of Cariston could prevent him from showing a little of his true spirit, but this ill-humour was only natural in John Marchmont's eyes.

Philip talked freely and recklessly; laid bare the secret of his position, spoke of all his enormous debts, and described himself bitterly as a pauper, but John Marchmont made no mention of money, all he did was to ask Philip to let him have on paper the extent of his liabilities, and he went away feeling terribly sad. Of all the duties which Andrew Heron had bequeathed to him nothing promised to tax his courage and heart more than this business of Philip. Though he did not like the other man, it was impossible for him not to be deeply sorry for Philip's disappointment and humiliation. The great difficulty in dealing with this matter was, that in Andrew Heron's last letter it was resolutely decreed that Philip's path was not to be made easy; indeed, the young man was to be subjected to the harshest tests, and John knew that Philip expected to be liberally helped. The greed for ready money had been freely expressed in Philip's words and manner. Apart from Heron there was a vast amount of other matter to occupy John; he found himself surrounded by all sorts of people, all eager to claim friendship, or sympathy, or charity from the last new millionaire.

These were not confined to strangers. His father's widow, a selfish, grasping, common woman, who had drained his modest resources callously in the past, imagined that life was to be one long reign of luxury now; and other members of his family (who had carefully forgotten him for years) were imbued with the same spirit.

To all these John had to show a firm front.

"This money is not mine," he said. "I am merely the guardian of it. . . . I can enrich no one."

Only from one person did he obtain sympathetic recognition of this sentiment, that person was Dr. Cariston.

A quick and fit (seemed to John) a very true friendship had sprung up between himself and this apparently hard-working medical man. Certainly Cariston promised to be of the greatest assistance to him in many ways, and especially where Philip was concerned.

Dr. Cariston's attentions were unobtrusive but agreeable; he took upon himself to give professional advice to John, who really had a worn, ill look. Indeed, those first days when all the world was envying him, were days of real hardship to John, who had known what hard work was ever since his boyhood. At times he felt almost too weary and ill to do his duty. The irony of this vast wealth mocked him; again and again he would shut his eyes, and in his spirit go back to that sweet-scented garden with Katherine tender and strong beside him. The mere remembrance of her gave him courage.

Philip and John met only once. It was a relief to both of them not to come in contact with one another.

Between Philip and Cariston there was an ugly tension of feeling. Whilst John supposed him to be busy with professional work Cariston had been occupied in tiding over one of those tight corners which had been common enough in his career.

Anne was told to pack such belongings as she valued, and to be ready to leave the shabby lodgings which had been her home for the last few months, at a minute's notice.

Sullen and apathetic, stunned by the violence of the blow which Philip's disinheritance signified to her, Anne made no effort to disobey. She seemed to have lost that wild longing to be free, even that hatred of her surroundings that had been so keenly with her a few days before. The very night that was arranged for their flight from the neighbourhood her father changed the plans so far as she was concerned.

"You had better go to your mother's sister for a week or two," he said. "There is a fever, make it go as far as you can and start at once. Just leave the house as if you were going for a walk. I shall probably stay now till to-morrow. I am expecting a man on business."

Anne looked at her father, and her apathy slipped a little as she saw that he was nervous and restless. She said nothing however, but picked up the bank-note and went to her room. As she was on her way out of the house she met the maid conducting John Marchmont up the stairs.

He stood aside to let Anne pass, and looked at her with ready admiration; he thought he had rarely seen a more beautiful girl.

Anne waited till the maid returned, and eagerly asked the name of her father's visitor.

As she realised that she had been face to face with John Marchmont her heart began to beat unevenly, and a thrill passed through her.

Not till this moment had she given a thought to the individuality of the man who had taken Philip's place.

The violence of the disappointment had stunned her for a time, and she had felt unequal to plan anything fresh for the future.

But in this moment everything changed.

The heavy despair that had hung like a black veil before her was swept aside, and hope and conscious power sprang anew in her heart. There had been something about John Marchmont that appealed to Anne. He was utterly unlike the class of men with whom she was brought in contact so frequently.

The man as much as the millions had a charm for her to-night. She walked swiftly away, and as she went she sketched out her future action. She did not quite understand why her father had sent her away for a few days, and all at once she resolved to change the plans he had made for her. Now that she knew he was in touch with John Marchmont she had no intention of leaving him.

"No one who goes to him in trouble is sent away," she mused, thinking of John. "He is ready to give help to all who need help. Then he shall see me, and he shall give me charity! My father may be as clever as he likes. I will be stronger than he. The game is in my hands once more!" cried Anne Cariston [illegible] herself, and she laughed and let the thought [illegible] of triumph put new life into her ambition, and greater power into her beauty.

John Marchmont had gone to see Cariston this evening to ask him to fix a meeting with Philip Heron, so that final arrangements might be discussed between them.

"And I should like you to be present, Dr. Cariston," he said, "if you can spare the time."

"I am at your service," said Cariston, "as a matter of fact Philip is my guest just now. These are only rooms which I come to occasionally. I live a little way out of the rush of the streets. If you like we can drive together this evening after your dinner. I can send a wire and let Philip know you are coming."

John assented willingly, and that evening, after he had written a few lines to Katherine, giving his latest news, Dr. Cariston called for him in a cab.

The way seemed indeed long, but they stopped at length in front of a shabby-looking house standing in an equally shabby-looking garden.

The evening was wet, and this added to the dreary look of the place. But John's liking for Dr. Cariston was deepened a little as he saw how modest was the home of what he imagined to be a clever and untiring worker.

Philip Heron had received due warning, and was waiting for the two men in a mood of sullen anger and nervousness.

He was accustomed to Cariston's numerous flittings, but it was strangely unlike the man to choose such a dingy and out-of-the-way place as this, even for a temporary home.

Indeed Philip began to wonder uneasily what had brought Cariston to such a place. As a rule, Anne and her father had lived in the centre of things and lived well, heedless of consequences. Here there seemed to be nothing comfortable, not even a servant to open the door. He had admitted himself with a key that Cariston had given him. Heron and Cariston had one moment alone.

"Accept everything," said the older man authoritatively. "You understand me—*everything*."

"Will there be money down?" asked Heron sullenly.

Cariston laughed in a curious fashion.

"You can leave matters to me, be assured there will be money—very soon."

When they passed into the room where John was, the three men stood a moment in silence. It was a painful ordeal for John, and his voice was not steady as he began to speak.

"I want you to know that I have decided to pay all your debts," he said, "and from your uncle's wealth you will draw an income of two hundred a year. I have arranged with Mr. Heron's business manager to offer you a post either here or in America at the salary of three hundred, and I wish you to understand that though outwardly it may seem to you that I am rich, in actual fact I intend to live exactly as you will live, and I mean to work as I hope you will work."

There was a heavy silence. Philip Heron breathed like a man who had been running.

Dr. Cariston spoke first.

"I think your arrangement admirable, Mr. Marchmont," he said, in his calm, smooth way, "what could be better for our friend here than to start clear of debt, and with a small but sure income?"

But Heron said nothing, and John went on speaking a little more quickly.

"I am young, like yourself, but as we can never measure the span of a human life, I want you to know now that I have willed to you the major portion of your uncle's great wealth, so that should I die to-morrow you would be a rich man." Here he paused and stretched out his hand. "I hope we are going to be friends," he said, a little pleadingly. "I fear that you have hard feelings in your heart for me, but try and put them on one side; believe me I shall be glad to be your friend."

Cariston fixed his eyes on Heron, who remained silent and sullen, and almost unconsciously Philip felt himself forced to the magnetic power of those eyes. He took Marchmont's hand, and Dr. Cariston stepped forward and put his upon the two clasped ones.

"Come, that is good," he said heartily, "and now business being over, let us have a pleasant evening! You are fond of music, Mr. Marchmont? I am afraid that old piano has not much tune, but still we might try it; or perhaps you will be more interested with a visit to my laboratory? My workshop is quite close, and it is on this account that I stay in this ramshackle old place. I am more of a scientist, I believe, than a physician, and I pass all my spare hours in working out new discoveries. We can have a whisky and soda there and smoke at our ease."

"I should like it above all things," said John heartily, also; he felt immensely relieved. This interview had passed off so much better than he had expected.

"I must just go and see if everything is neat," said Dr. Cariston genially, "we shall want a light too. Philip, you might come and give me a hand."

When they were outside that room and the door closed, Cariston suddenly seized Philip and dragged him down the passage.

"Curse you," he said thickly. "Curse you—you wretched coward!" In his rage he shook Philip as he would have shaken a dog.

The other was helpless in his grasp. His swarthy face was pallid, and his eyes distorted with fear.

Whilst Cariston had been talking so cheerily, the hideous truth of what he had done, the fateful meaning of that compact they had made had come home to him for the first time. All at once the desolate air of the place took a fearful significance to him.

He had reeled—almost fallen, but Cariston, seeing swiftly the change in his look, had acted promptly, and now as they were alone his rage was so awful that Philip's last shred of self-control went from him. Actually flung into [illegible] corner he crouched like a creature in a spell, and we[illegible] Mark Cariston move about unconcernedly. From [illegible] he lay Philip could see down the passage through an [illegible] door, into a low-roofed room in which seemed to be scat[illegible] various tools and mechanical contrivances. From a[illegible] against a wall grinned a skeleton, and there were odd[illegible] ends of other things, indicative of both surgery and science. In this awful moment Heron ceased to regard Cariston as the clever adventurer he had known so well, he realised only with a sickening sense of horror, that the man who dominated him was no ordinary man, but one who possessed the knowledge and skill to carry out any work he chose to undertake.

He watched Cariston light up the room, and go back to his guest. Philip cowered back still further into his corner, as he watched John Marchmont follow Cariston into that low-roofed room. He heard the young man say something, and he heard Cariston answer with a laugh, and then the door was closed.

With clenched hands pressed to his lips to hold back the cry of horror that would have escaped him, Philip Heron staggered to his feet. Fear held him in a thrill. Not a sound broke the silence that reigned in this lonely house, only the sound of his own heart thumping like hundreds of great hammers in his ears. . . . The moments passed . . . . Heron never moved. . . . Like one demented he stood quivering in every limb, staring at that closed door behind which had passed the man whose death would mean thousands to Mark Cariston, and to himself, the man who was now alone, at the mercy of one who was not only desperate, but invincible in daring and evil!

[Another long instalment of this powerful story will appear next Friday.]

"HEADS—YOU DIE."

It rarely happens that a man is so uncertain of committing a deed of terrible importance that he allows himself to be guided in his actions by the spin of a coin.

Yet there are occasions on which both men and women abandon all level-headed argument, and let chance decide for them what they are unable to decide for themselves.

Happily, however, it is very rarely indeed that the life of a person—man or woman—hangs on the spin of a coin.

If you will look at the picture on the front page you will find a man, revolver in hand, who has spun in the air a coin, on the fall of which hangs the life of the girl kneeling by his side.

He says: "Heads—you die!"

Two seconds more, and the man will know whether he is to be a murderer, and the girl will know whether she is to live or die!

Will it be heads or tails?

What will Fate decide?

The agony on the girl's face tells you how much she values life, and the stern, hard features of the man tell you he is resolute to abide by whatever Fate shall decide.

Who are these two—this man and this woman—so dramatically pictured before your eyes? Why has he resolved that the spin of a coin must decide her fate, and why should she, young and beautiful, have justified his action?

Is she his wife—his sweetheart—his sister?

What crime has she committed, or what crime does he think she has committed, which can be so terrible that, in his eyes, death is justified—if Fate decide?

It is a dramatic situation, and the two characters are moving, living creatures in the powerful romance which begins on the front page of this number.

BLINKS: "The world has a place for everybody."

WINKS: Yes; the only trouble is there's generally somebody else in it."

HE: "How true it is that the older we grow the less we appreciate the things that used to delight us in childhood!"

SHE: "Yes, especially birthdays."

Welsh readers will be interested in the account of Vulcana, the strongest woman on earth, in the October ROYAL.